

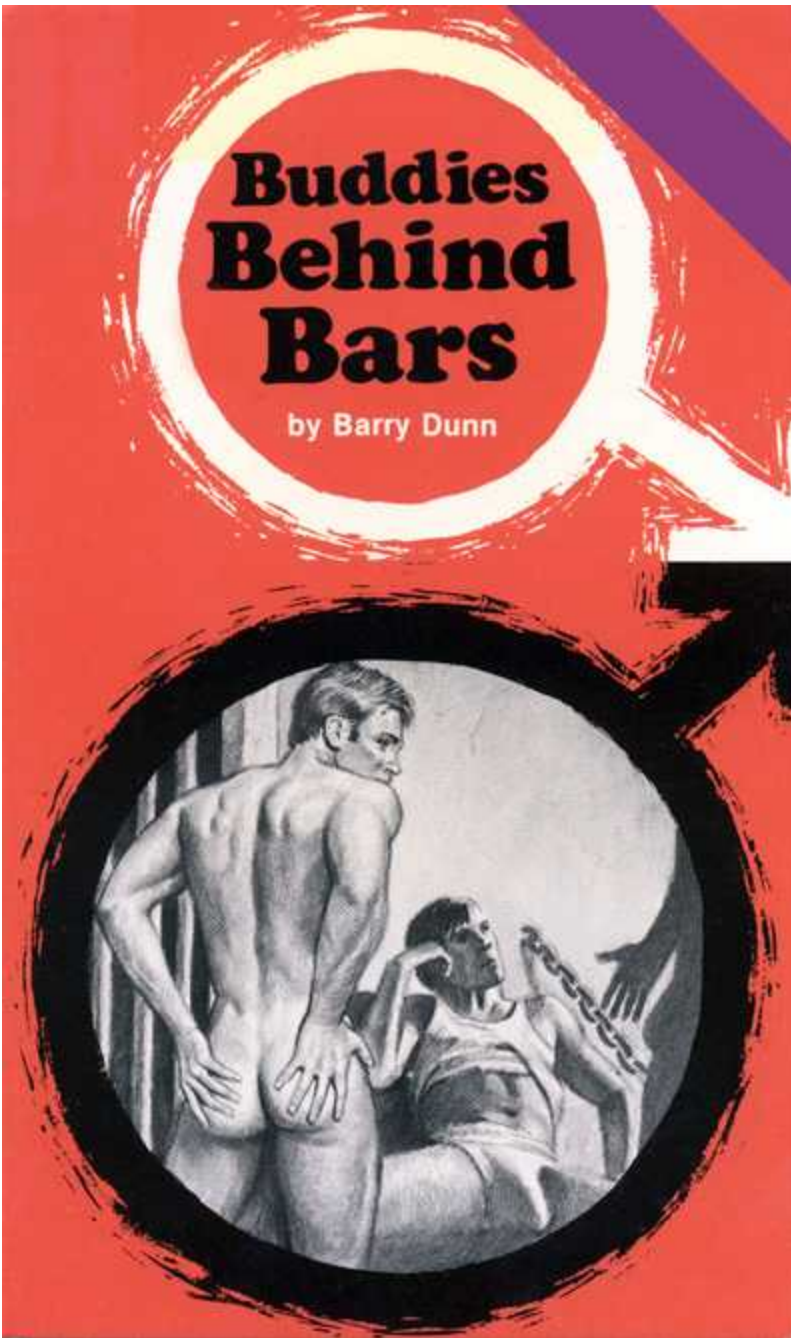
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ac-316 buddies behind bars  
(barry dunn) 1984

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AC-316 BUDDIES BEHIND BARS by Barry Dunn

## FOREWORD

When we hear the word prostitution, most of us think of brightly dressed women being herded into police cars in the middle of the night. But the fact is that there are also many male prostitutes, hustlers, working the streets of

most every American city. These men, many of them teenagers, sell their bodies and sometimes their souls to scratch out a living.

BUDDIES BEHIND BARS tells the story of two such young men, one of them blond and experienced, the other dark and tender. They meet on the streets, but their friendship really begins when they fight to survive the rigors of prison life together. Lance and Mike have each seen plenty of the unhappy side of life and we can only hope that they can, through each other, experience a few of life's more pleasant moments.

The Publisher

# CHAPTER ONE

Mike strode quickly across the deserted bus terminal to the men's room.

It, too, was empty, nothing but the row of urinals backed by toilet stalls, with a dividing wall between them and the doorway. There was quite an assortment of graffiti along the lines of "Meet me here at 10:30

every Tuesday for a hot blow-job" and "I like to suck cock and take it up the ass! Call 846-6779 if you've got eight hard inches or more".

Mike moved to the last urinal in the line, the one the farthest from the door. He unzipped his tight, faded jeans and dug inside them for his cock, grinning as he fondled it in his palm and aimed it at the urinal.

His fingers stroked its length as he began to piss. From the far end of the men's room he heard the tell-tale creak of the door opening and his prick twitched in his fingers, beginning to harden and moisten with excitement as he heard the footsteps moving slowly toward him, stopping in front of the very next urinal.

Without being too obvious about it, Mike looked up quickly as he pissed away. The man who had just joined him in the public toilet was an average-looking guy in his early forties, who edged closer to his urinal and nervously unzipped his fly. The edge of his shoe pressed against Mike's foot and his left elbow dug hard into the boy's side, but he didn't apologize.

Mike had stopped peeing, but he remained at the urinal, his cock still hanging out of his open fly. Knowing that the other man's eyes were hungrily following his every movement, he began to play with himself.

Holding his cock between his thumb and forefinger, he began to rub the loose skin back and forth until it began to tighten and the thick head at its tip mushroomed into full bloom, a deep, almost fiery, red.

Mike stepped back from the urinal, holding his cock loosely with his fingertips, and turned his husky young body to the side, displaying himself

brazenly to the older man. He could see the guy's fingers trembling on his own prick and his throat working as he swallowed nervously and gaped down at Mike's long, thick prick.

"Like it?" Mike asked him boldly, not bothering to keep his voice low.

The guy stared down at the huge young cock pointing up at him. "My God, you've got a big prick!" he whispered.

His hand reached down for it, but Mike grinned and moved farther away.

Bracing his weight against the wall behind him and spreading his legs wider, he quickly unbuttoned the top of his fly, and spread open his jeans. He cupped his balls and pulled them free of his tight jeans. They hung far down between his legs, big and round. His cock was almost fully erect by now, jutting up fat and hard from the nest of thick, curly hair below his belly.

"You want it?" he teased the man.

The guy gulped and turned his head quickly in the direction of the men's room door, then back to Mike. "Here?"

"Sure, why not? It's as good a place as any."

"Somebody might walk in..."

"It's late. Nobody's going to come in here unless they're after the same thing you are, man! Namely a hot cock to suck on!" Mike grinned and looked down at his cock, then boldly into the other man's eyes. "Come on.

Cool this thing off for me with your mouth, huh?"

His admirer's head swiveled back to the door again. "Jesus, kid, I don't know. It's awful risky. If we get caught..."

"All right, forget it!" Mike sneered. "I can always find somebody else to take care of it for me." He began to shove his prick back in his jeans, but the man's hand shot forward, stopping him.

"No! Don't put it away yet. Let me -- let me look at it some more!"

"Give me a break," Mike laughed. "I want somebody to suck the fucking thing for me, not just look at it!"

"I'll suck it for you! I will, kid," the man promised eagerly, his fingers squeezing Mike's prick firmly. "Christ! I never saw one this big on a guy your age before!"

"You want it?"

"Of course I do!"

"You want to suck it?"

"Yes!"

"If you want it, you'll have to pay for it!"

The guy swallowed hard again, his eyes running quickly up and down from Mike's ruggedly handsome face to the lump of cock in his hand.

"How much?"

"Twenty bucks."

The man grunted, his resolve evidently weakening as he stared at Mike's hard cock and the swing of his hairy balls. Unlike many guys' pricks, Mike's didn't curve in the slightest, but stood up straight and stiff as a pole from his hard, flat belly. His cock was almost as big around as the man's wrist and the veins in the shaft were plainly visible, slightly bluish beneath the pink flesh. The slit at the tip, as Mike pointed it straight at his potential customer, looked big enough to invade with the point of his tongue.

The man could almost taste the boy's cock -- the salt-sweetness around the head; the slick warmth of the shaft as he fed it between his lips; the hardness of it pressing down on his tongue as he worked it in and out of his mouth and eased it down his throat.

Without any further hesitation, he dug into his pants and pulled out a wad of bills, tearing off two tens and shoving them into Mike's back pocket, copping a quick feel of the young hustler's ass in the process.

"I've never paid for it before," he muttered, "but this time I think it's going to be worth every cent!"

He sank slowly to his knees on the dirty floor, his hands caressing Mike's body all the way down. His face was level with the boy's crotch as he reached for the throbbing cock and rubbed it with the sweat of his palms. His hands went around to grip Mike's ass. His eyes lifted to catch the boy's imploring, excited.

"Go ahead," Mike ordered. "Go on! Take it in your mouth and suck it!"

With a broken groan, the other guy's hands pulled Mike forward as his mouth opened wide to take the swollen cock-meat. His lips drove all the way down on it, until the end of his nose was buried in the wiry ring of pubic hair at its base. His hands tightened on Mike's ass cheeks and he began to suck the young stud's big, hard, hot cock.

"That's it," Mike grasped. "You wanted it, now suck it! That's it! Oh, that's it! Suck, bastard, suck!"

His hands tightened on the man's head, holding him firmly in place as he began to thrust his hips, driving himself at the man's hungry mouth. He felt the sexual tension mounting in him as he watched those greedy lips devouring his cock-flesh and listened to the liquid slurping sounds of the guy's lips and hot wet tongue. His legs tensed. He knew it would only be another few moments before he shot his load into his cock-sucker's mouth!

He grasped with delight as the man's hot tongue worked on him, stroking every inch of his prick, pulling his shaft in deep and then slipping back out until he held just the cock-head just between the suctioning lips.

Mike felt the man's hands moving between his legs, cupping his balls and juggling them. His fingers tickled through the thick patch of hair at the base of Mike's prick, pinching the boy's muscled belly and then moving up in

under his T-shirt to squeeze the big nipples on his well-developed chest. His mouth moved faster and faster, his tongue stroking the throbbing cock-flesh.

"Yeah!" Mike panted feverishly, clamping his hands behind the guy's head and forcing him further down, ramming nearly all of his fully hardened prick into his mouth. "Yeah, cock-sucker! Suck it! Suck it! Suck it all!

Suck it off!"

He felt the cum gathering inside him, his scrotum tensing as each wet thrust of the man's mouth brought him closer to his climax. The feeling was so good Mike wanted to prolong it, to enjoy it to the fullest. But it was no longer possible to deny him self the relief of coming. The hot tongue was stroking him too well. He had to come, and come hard!

His hips lunged forward and he pressed the guy's head all the way down, ramming every solid inch of his rampant prick deep into his spasming throat.

"Oh, God!" Mike moaned. "I'm coming! I'm shooting! Take it, man, take my fucking scum! I'm coming -- ahhh, fuck, aahhh!"

His cock burst violently inside the kneeling man's mouth. He felt the first hot spurt of his fluid jet free, then another spurt and another and another. The more Mike came, though, the more the guy who had paid him twenty bucks to suck him off seemed to relish it and the faster his tongue worked to coax even more jism from him. Even when all of Mike's cum had been shot, the man's mouth stayed on him, his tongue continuing to lick the softening prick until Mike finally backed away and forced him to lift his head.

"Oh, baby!" The cock-sucker gasped, his voice thick with the come he'd swallowed. "Nobody ever came for me like that before! So hard! So much!

So hot and thick! God!" He stood up and reached for Mike's head and tried to kiss him, but the boy pushed him roughly away. "What's the matter?"



"Nothing," Mike grunted. "I just don't go for that kind of shit. Not with a fucking john, anyway." He wiped his cock on his handkerchief, put it back in his jeans and zipped up quickly.

"Thanks, man. You suck pretty good!"

"Can-can I see you again? Can I have that again?"

"Sure," Mike laughed. "Any time you've got twenty bucks to spare. You can usually find me here around this time of night. If not, try the coffee shop around the corner, where the hustlers hang out and the guys cruise by in their cars, trying to pick us up. Everybody knows that place." He turned and hurried out of the restroom, ignoring the man's pleas for him to wait a moment.

## CHAPTER TWO

Lance yawned, crossing his sunburned arms over his chest. It was getting on the chilly side by that time of night and the thin cotton T-shirt stretched taut over his torso gave him no insulation from the cold. But it did help to display his Nautilus-tightened body, to attract the attention of potential tricks. Lance fervently hoped that one guy in particular, the john who would pay to drain the ache in his balls with his hot mouth or ass, or both, relieving the accumulated sexual aggression of several days, would be waiting.

Christ, he was horny! Cruising the parks wasn't the blond hustler's usual style, but tonight Lance was definitely and unashamedly on the prowl, just like the other guys on the local meat rack.

Lance felt sure that he could almost feel the young number's eyes on him, studying him, sizing him up, fantasizing about the hot, heavy time Lance's body could give him. Lance glanced down casually and felt a certain lewd satisfaction at the way the thick bulge of his cock protruded blatantly from inside his tight, faded jeans. The worn denim clung to his naked hips and ass and thighs -- and to his prick, which was dripping with excitement so that it was all but glued to the cloth covering his basket. Even from across the darkness and distance that separated the two men, Lance was sure the other young stud could see exactly how well he was hung. Hell, with those jeans, he'd probably already noticed that Lance wasn't circumcised!

Lance sucked in a deep breath to make his pecs swell out above his crossed arms. He was in no mood to act coy. He wanted the guy to see that he was hung, that he was hot, and above all that he was available for a price. Lance wanted him to get the hots for him so bad that he'd be ready to get down on his knees and suck him off right here in the damp grass.

It couldn't be long now, the hustler decided, before the kid made his move -- if he wasn't a fellow hustler or a prick-teaser, or just too cautious.

Lance had to admit that the other guy looked as though he could pick and choose, without having to pay for it. He couldn't be much over twenty, but he'd worked on making himself look older -- and good. He was tall, over six feet, with thick soft black hair and mustache. He had a deep tan and the body of a dedicated young weightlifter, with biceps and shoulders that made the tattered T-shirt a real come-on. Only the black leather jacket he had slung over one of those solid shoulders struck a questionable note. He just might be too weird -- or rough trade.

"Got a light man?" Lance heard the kid's deep voice ask him.

He'd spoken loudly, to make himself heard across the distance in the open air of the park. There was a slight tremor in his voice that betrayed his nervousness. Lance was glad that the ice had been broken. Now they could stop this fucking around and get down to it -- would they fuck or not?

"Sure." Lance didn't smoke, but the do you have a match routine was such a reliable old chestnut that he always left home prepared.

The kid strode toward him pretty butch and self-confident, and Lance took a good, cool look at his face as he held up his lighter to the smoke he'd jammed into his mouth, trying to imagine those full red lips of his would look -- and feel -- like stretched wetly around the very base of his cock, sucking away like mad. Lance was starting to get a little turned on by the possibilities -- which made his prick harden even more obviously.

The other guy straightened up as Lance snapped the flame off. He exhaled a first lungful of smoke, staring into the hustler's eyes with that all-too-familiar hungry look that park and toilet cruisers have.

"You a hustler?" he demanded bluntly, in that same rumbly, sexy voice. It was steady this time though.

"Yeah."

"You a cop?" the guy asked.

"How many cops do you know who hustle?"

"You look hot enough to be a cop -- an off-duty cop trying to pick up somebody for some hot action, and to make some extra money."

"Thanks," Lance chuckled.

"Ever wear a cop uniform?"

Lance had to laugh. "No man -- actually I'm on my way to an Eagle Scout jamboree. But my uniform's in the wash to get the cum stains off."

The other guy nodded, not offended by Lance's sarcasm. Lance had a feeling they were going to do business, and very quickly.

"Looks like you got yourself a big piece of meat," the guy said.

"Guess so." Lance wasn't boasting, it was just a simple statement of fact. "You want it?" He challenged.

The guy nodded, sucking hard on his cigarette. "I'd like to suck it.

Only... are you into any leather at all?"

"For fifty bucks I am. Strictly top," Lance replied coldly. "Still interested in sucking it -- and maybe then some?"

He nodded again, more eagerly this time.

"That's pretty reasonable. I'll do just about anything you want to do in bed if you're willing to do something for me in return. Gripping for my fifty, give me a real good workout -- sort of a head trip of mine."

"Well, I don't know about that kid I'd have to know what kind of head you give me, first."

"And I'd have to see your cock," he retorted. He had more guts than Lance had given him credit for.

Lance whipped his cock out then and there, the cool night air making his hard-on swell to balls-aching proportions instantly. Gripping his prick-shaft

between his thumb and forefinger, Lance eased it out of his unzipped fly and began to push the foreskin back and forth until it tightened even more over the thick head of his cock, which mushroomed out bright red. He was afraid he'd pop his nuts if he did more than just caress his cock-meat lightly as he offered it for the kid's inspection.

"Like it?" Lance snickered, knowing damn well he did.

The kid was breathing hard and licking his lips under that sexy little mustache with anticipation, already tasting Lance's cheese and cream in his imagination.

"Jesus. You got a big cock!" he groaned. "I could tell it was big, but I didn't think it'd be anything like that!"

"Think you can handle it?"

The kid wasn't in any mood to waste time on idle boasts. Instead, he spat the cigarette out of his mouth, already reaching out for Lance as he sank to his knees in the dirt. Lance stepped backward, spreading his legs wider and unbuttoning the waistband of his jeans so he could shove them down his thighs and let it all hang out -- cock, balls and ass.

"First my nuts," Lance cautioned his young john. "They're really hurting tonight, kid. I need a hot wet tongue on my balls to cool the fuckers down or I'll come all over the place before you have a chance to get your throat reamed out by that prick of mine!"

"Oh fuck," was all the other guy muttered before he pushed his face into the hustler's sweaty crotch.

Lance leaned back and let him go down on his balls, his cheeks rubbing against Lance's thighs and Lance's prick pressing into his snub nose and forehead as he mouthed Lance's nuts. He was good. His tongue licked the hustler's balls avidly, wetting the coarse hair that coated them, before he forced his jaws wide apart and sucked both balls inside his mouth, bathing them in a generous outpouring of spit. Lance took it for as long as he could

before he let the other guy know, by tugging on a handful of his hair, that it was okay for him to use his tongue on Lance's cock.

His tongue swabbed Lance's leaking cock-head, paying extra attention to the pisshole, which was practically gaping open. Lance pushed down on his head and felt inch after inch of his prick slip into that mouth, the kid's lips and tongue working him over with fast, slippery strokes. Lance couldn't help himself. He groaned with pleasure as that hot tongue licked him, wetting his cock-flesh completely, pulling the head deeper into the kid's cock-sucking throat.

The kneeling number's mouth pumped faster and faster. His hands slid over the hustler's ass, then up his back under his tight T-shirt, and around to find and pinch Lance's nipples. The cock-sucking stud grunted with frantic surprise and excitement as his fingertips discovered the heavy gold rings set into Lance's big pierced tits. Lance almost shot then and there as he pinched the living hell out of his hypersensitive nips. No doubt the young john hadn't made it with many guys who were pierced, if in fact Lance wasn't his very first such trick. "That's enough for now,"

Lance gasped. Pushing him away. The other guy didn't protest as Lance zipped up -- with difficulty -- and got quickly to his feet.

The kid didn't say anything during the brief walk out of the park. Lance knew he was reliving what had just happened and looking forward to what was to come. That was fine with the hustler. He hated the kind of tricks who try to befriend a street pick-up and transform him into the great love of their lives in five minutes of small talk. Lance had a feeling this was going to be a nice, hot, no-nonsense fuck-session.

But, just as a precaution, to sound the guy out on where his head was at and make sure he wasn't going home with a freak -- or a dud -- Lance finally broke the silence with: "Exactly what kind of a scene were you interested in tonight, man?"

The guy turned his head to look Lance right in the eye, and there was a weird kind of worshipful expression on his rugged young face. "Well...

for one thing, I like leather," he began.

"Got ya," Lance said dryly, gesturing toward the guy's motorcycle jacket.

"And I like to see a really hot number, like you, all dressed up in it.

Maybe I can talk you into trying on some stuff I got at home -- modeling it for me."

"No problem," Lance assured him. Lance wouldn't need much persuasion, as long as a hot fuck and suck climaxed the fashion show and he got paid for it.

"And, if you'll let me, I'd like to take some pictures of you dressed like that."

"We'll see..." It sounded pretty boring, actually.

"And if a guy's willing to dress up in something really special for me --

well, then, after the picture-taking... I like him to work me over as hard as he wants to, no matter how much it hurts!" Lance's trick blurted out ecstatically. "Christ, I'll do anything for a guy who can really get into my scene!"

"Oh yeah?" This part sounded more like Lance's idea of fun! "Well, kid, it just so happens that I get off on dressing up and posing," Lance lied.

"You're going to have to give me some idea of just what you want me to dress up in, though, so I'll know what to expect..."

The other guy sounded positively awestruck as he breathed out the single word, "Rubber!"

Oh shit! Lance thought, not another one of those! He'd run into another rubber enthusiast only a couple of months before. Like this guy, that John was good-looking, very well-built, and younger, nothing weird about him at all. But when they got to his place and got undressed, Lance pulled back the

bedspread and discovered that he had black rubber sheets and pillowcases on the bed!

The guy had completely ignored Lance for a moment, standing there stark naked and staring at the bed. And then he lay face down on the mattress and rubbed his body, and especially his cock, against the latex sheets, moaning and grunting with pleasure. Lance was really freaked out when the fucker then told him to take his belt out of his discarded pants and start whacking his ass with it! Lance was so pissed off that he almost walked out on him, except he hadn't come yet, he hadn't been paid yet, and he was so pissed off at having gone home with a nut case that he wanted to beat the shit out of him!

There his trick was, writhing around on his bed with his undeniably very hot, muscular ass up in the air, just begging for it... so Lance let him have it. Hard! Lance was a fairly strong guy and once he got the hang of using that belt, which was a wide leather band studded with tiny pyramid-shaped chrome knobs -- three rows of them, making the belt very heavy --

he was swinging away at the guys ass for all he was worth.

The studded leather strap was biting savagely into his ass flesh, raising deep red welts. But he kept begging Lance for more -- which really angered the blond stud. Lance wanted to hit him so hard that he would beg him to stop instead, so that Lance could then refuse to let up, just to teach the bugger a lesson. He switched ends of the belt and began to smack the battered, ass with the buckle instead. It was a big, heavy, Western-style buckle, and before long Lance had actually cut him in three or four places, so that his blood began to trickle down his thighs and wet the hair on his balls.

And the guy loved it! The harder Lance hit him, the more he wanted the young stud hustler to abuse his naked and vulnerable body! It was damned hard work, beating him like that and after a while Lance was covered with sweat. His chest heaved violently as he beat him, and Lance was uncomfortably aware of a hot, tingling sensation inside his surprisingly rigid cock. This freak show was turning him on, too, and he was even hotter to fuck his humpy john than he ever had been.



Suddenly the other man turned over onto his back, gasping for breath, teeth clenched in ecstatic pain, face dripping sweat. His prick looked huge -- red and swollen with pent-up lust. It was a beautiful piece of cock-meat, really, and the guy would've been a sensational trick for anyone if only he hadn't been so frigging masochistic. And then he started pleading with Lance to hit his cock with the belt!

"Beat my cock!" he repeated breathlessly, staring up at the blond. "Beat my cock with that fucking belt, if you're man enough, you whore! Hurt me with it, you bastard! What's the matter -- you not man enough to dish out a little real pain?"

Lance was still furious with him for frustrating him like this when he'd only wanted to have quick, ordinary sex with him, collect his fee, and split -- so Lance obliged.

"I'll show you who's man enough when it comes to pain, you cock-sucking rubber freak!" he bellowed, raising the belt high as he spoke and savoring the way the john screwed up his face in fear and anticipation, but Lance didn't use the buckle this time, only the leather... right on the guy's cock and balls! Hard and fast! Blow after blow! The guy screamed -- but Lance just went on strapping his prick. After about the tenth or eleventh punishing whack, the trick moaned louder, than usual and his come started spurting. It flew all over Lance's naked and sweat dripping body as he leaned over the rubber sheeted bed.

Lance stood back for a moment, panting, nearly exhausted. But he suddenly felt so horny he would have done anything -- no matter how perverted --

to get his rocks off! The john must have realized this, the bastard, because he gave Lance a knowing look and patted the slimy rubber sheet he was lying on.

"Rub your prick on it, man," he invited Lance in a gasp. "You've never felt anything like it against your naked body in your life, stud. Rubber is wonderful!"

Lance was too fucking turned on to pass up anything that might bring him the relief his swollen balls demanded. He crouched over the bed next to where the other guy was lying and began rocking his hips back and forth in a lewd, raunchy fucking rhythm, keeping his cock and balls in full contact with the cum slickened rubber sheet. The sensation of that sticky, body-warmed rubber on his cock, his nuts, and his inner thighs, sticking tightly to him as it got heated up by his body warmth nothing the blond hustler had ever felt before.

He quickly got over his shyness and moaned with raw lust, collapsing full length on the bed and letting his pierced and swollen tits get their share of that bizarre clinging and friction from the sweaty rubber sheet.

When his john got around behind him, on his knees and began licking out Lance's asshole with his hot, wet tongue, Lance thought he'd go out of his frigging mind!

Before too long Lance was coming, pumping his prick against that rubber sheet and shouting to the guy to shove his tongue deeper up his ass and clean it out good! When he finally stopped spurting his jism and collapsed on his belly in a puddle of cum, the other man was right on top of him. His cock was hard again and he drove it into Lance's twitching asshole in a single shove and began fucking him from behind and below, a position that allowed really deep penetration.

And Lance wanted to be penetrated -- he wanted to be fucked by the world's biggest cock! The hot rim job, his masturbation against the rubber-coated mattress, and the sheer horny abandon of the whole episode had set his asshole of fire with lust and only a big cock could put it out. That sticky, slimy rubber was plastered against his face, his pecs, his thighs, every part of him... and his latex lover turned out to be a totally unreal fuck after all!

The guy could keep his cock hard and maintain their fucking rhythm with long, slow, incredibly deep-driving strokes forever, it seemed, without ever creaming. But Lance couldn't say the same for himself. After five minutes of this anal ecstasy he shot his own load, ferociously blasting his hot cum all over the rubber sheets. And when, after five to ten minutes of furious fucking, his trick finally did shoot his own second load of hot, wet cum

deep into his burning ass, Lance was the most sexually satisfied stud in the world. He didn't become converted to the extent of buying black rubber sheets for his own bed, but, come to think of it, with all the use they'd get that might be a highly practical idea...

## CHAPTER THREE

Remembering that incident kept Lance's mind occupied until they'd driven to his new trick's apartment, Lance following him in their respective cars. Safely inside, Lance vaguely heard the other guy remark that an older guy was "sort of keeping" him, which explained how such a young kid could afford so luxurious an apartment. The first thing to catch Lance's full attention was the mirrored wall behind the big bed. The second was a closet overflowing with an obviously extensive collection of kinky leather and rubber costumes and sex toys.

"Take your clothes off while I get some things for you to try on," The kid urged him excitedly.

As he went over to the closet, he started to undress, too, and by the time he reached into the closet he was naked and Lance could see that his cock was fully hard. It wasn't small, and Lance felt his own meat stiffen as he examined the other guy's naked body. He had a good, solid man's body and a cock and ass that looked capable of showing any guy a hot time.

Pulling off his own clothes, Lance stood there nude while his host selected what he wanted him to pose in and fetched an Olympus thirty five millimeter camera from a bureau's drawer, slinging it around his neck by its strap. He scarcely looked at Lance, as though the blond wasn't worthy of attention as a sex object until he was dressed up to suit his fantasy.

But Lance was too interested in the collection of rubberwear to take offense. The first thing the guy handed him was a pair of very thin, very brief, flexible black rubber underpants, with an open slit at the crotch for the wearer's cock and balls to protrude through and another slit in the seat to expose the crack of his ass.

Lance was careful not to laugh. Instead he slowly pulled the kinky undergarment up his legs, while the guy snapped a picture of him. And, surprisingly enough, the underpants felt good. The thin rubber was cool and

it clung to Lance's ass cheeks like a glove. Once he had them in place the briefs felt like a second skin.

He could see that this was getting his trick very excited. He gave Lance a tank top next -- also of the thinnest black rubber imaginable. There were holes so that Lance's nipples could stick out and the shirt fit him very snugly, displaying his torso to considerable advantage. Glancing at himself in the mirror behind the bed, Lance couldn't help grunting with satisfaction at what he saw, a sort of S and M beach boy.

As he pulled the tank top down into place around his middle, the guy stopped snapping photos of him long enough to come closer and adjust the shirt on Lance himself. His fingers went around the edges of the rubber, savoring the junction of textures between the synthetic material and Lance's warm, tanned flesh. He brushed his fingers over the blond's pierced tits, squeezing and kneading them gently, turning Lance on despite his lingering sense of detachment from this bizarre scene.

Rubber pants, or rather chaps, were next, made of the same satiny, close-fitting black latex. They were really too small for Lance, who had to strain to get them up over his legs and laced closed around his hips.

Once he had squeezed into them, though the rubber molded itself to his every muscle, outlining and exaggerating the powerful tendon in his calves and thighs. The rubber edge cut in just under his balls and hugged the flare of his hipbone, so that his entire crotch and ass was exposed, shockingly contrasted to the black rubber.

Lance had once walked into a leather bar wearing nothing but chaps and boots. With his crotch and ass bared he had ended up making it with half a dozen guys at once in the back room. But, uninhibited as he was, he doubted he'd have the guts to wear these rubber chaps in a bar. They were infinitely more erotic and provocative than complete nudity ever could be, a virtual invitation to gang rape. He had to struggle to bend over far enough to push his feet into the black rubber boots, with buckles, that the kid offered him next. The boy knelt at Lance's feet to help him get the boots on and fasten them.

At first the chaps felt cold, but because Lance's skin couldn't breathe through the rubber, it soon got warm, sticky and damp with his trapped sweat. He squirmed a little, breathing harder, and the guy noticed his discomfort.

"A little constricting, isn't it, sir?" he asked softly.

"Yeah," Lance admitted, again scrutinizing his reflection. "But I guess you get used to it."

"Oh, you do, sir," he almost moaned. "You do! Now try these on!"

He handed Lance two additional garments, a heavy black rubber motorcycle jacket equipped with all the standard zippers, epaulets, and waist cinches, and, of all things, a black rubber mask, which would cover Lance's entire head, leaving openings for his eyes, nostrils and mouth!

He struggled into the clothes. They were really tight, especially that fucking mask, which made him look impersonal and grotesque in the extreme. Then Lance had to pull on a pair of gloves-tight black latex ones, like surgical gloves.

"One more thing..." the other young stud murmured, quickly going to the bureau drawer and pulling out a cardboard box.

He took out a small square foil envelope from the box and tore it open.

At first Lance couldn't believe his eyes, but it was indeed a condom, the self-lubricated kind, and black, of course. The kid got Lance's cock hard with a few matter-of-fact strokes of his warm, sweaty hand, then rolled the condom down over the head and shaft of the big prick until it, too, was sheathed in black rubber to complete his fantasy.

"Jesus Christ!" he whispered. "You look fantastic, stud!"

His eyes smoldered with excitement as he stepped back, naked, to admire his creation. Lance's hard young body was encased from head to foot to prick tip in the bizarre rubber gear. "It's incredible! Just look at yourself!"

Lance turned toward the mirrored wall and stared at his image reflected in it above the waiting bed. That sleek black rubber did something to him, changing his appearance completely, virtually stripping him of his humanity and transforming him into something surreal and sinister out of a porno science fiction epic.

"Like it?" Lance taunted him, shoving his latex-sheathed crotch out at him. "I love it Master," he moaned. "Then suck my cock!" Lance barked. He was turned on by the prospect of getting into a domination trip with this humpy young number, with him bare-assed naked and Lance dressed in the weird rubber outfit that made him hyper-aware of every pore of his hot, sweating skin.

With a suppressed cry of excitement, his trick sank to his knees in front of Lance and captured the thick bulge his cock made in the black condom between his lips. His fingers juggled Lance's balls through the slit in the rubber briefs as he eased the tip of the rubbery-tasting prick past his tongue and sucked it deep into his mouth, moaning with pleasure as the latex seared his taste buds and the blond's cock-meat throbbed against his open, gaping lips. Lance spread his rubber sheathed legs wide and bit his lip as he enjoyed the hot wet pressure of that mouth working on his prick. The guy knew how to use his tongue!

Lance put his hands on the kid's bare shoulders and pulled him closer to him, ramming the full length of his hard-on down his throat, really fucking the horny little rubber freak's sexy face with his rigid prick.

Seeing him, naked and servile, kneeling before him with that meat choking him, really aroused Lance. He suddenly wrenched himself free of the guy's arms, only to spin around, bend over, and push his exposed ass into his face. "Rim it, slave," he ordered harshly. And rim it he did Lance groaned. Damn it, there was nothing like the feeling of a dedicated, insatiable tongue worming its wet, slippery way deep between his ass cheeks and in and out of his asshole! Watching the two of them in the big mirror -- Lance's black figure so strangely contrasted to the kid's tanned nudity -- the hustler gripped his condomed cock in his rubber-gloved fist and began to jerk off slowly. It felt weird, not being able to touch his own prick except through two layers of slippery rubber --

weird, but erotic. Lance was beginning to suspect that there might be something to this rubber-fetish shit after all!

The guy's tongue in his ass was getting him hot there. Even though it was, strictly speaking, a violation of conventional leather-sex rules, Lance wanted a cock up there too. He wasn't too worried about bending the regulations a bit. After all, this could hardly be described as an orthodox scene in the first place!

"Want to fuck me, dressed like this?" he asked his trick brazenly, reaching for the guy's cock and finding it stiff and straining, moist at the tip. "Think you're man enough to fuck a rubber stud like me?"

"Yeah," his partner groaned, his breath hot and moist against Lance's ass as he spat out the single word between two licks of his tongue into Lance's sphincter.

"But with me dominating you," Lance suggested.

"Yeah!"

Lance reached behind himself to slap the guy's face -- hard! "Learn some manners, fuck-face!"

"Yes, sir! I'm sorry, sir! Forgive me, sir! It won't happen again, sir!"

the kid spat out, machine-gun-like, between licks and sucks of Lance's horny asshole.

"It better not happen again," Lance warned. "Now get on that fucking bed!"

The boy obeyed immediately, obviously relieved that Lance was about to take full charge of the situation. Lance licked his fingers, tasting the latex of the glove, then closed them around the kid's cock and began to play with it. He wasn't cut and Lance watched the foreskin rolling up over the swollen head of his prick as he pumped his fist up and down none too gently. The other man moaned and Lance began to feel more comfortable in his dominant role. He grasped his trick's face roughly in his other hand, turning



it from side to side as though he were indeed a slave Lance was thinking about buying at a meat market.

Coolly, appraisingly, Lance ran his rubbery fingers down the guy's arms felt his pectoral muscles, his thighs, his ass -- all impersonally and almost disdainfully, although the kid was magnificently built in every respect for his age. Lance caressed his chest, pinching his nipples hard, and poked the tip of one finger between his ass cheeks, all the while rubbing his latexed body against his naked skin and masturbating him with tantalizing slowness from time to time.

The boy was breathing very hard by now. "Oh God!" he moaned. "Oh, oh!"

Lance slapped his face full force, the rubber glove making a sticky smacking report. "Shut I, slave!" he warned.

The other guy stifled a cry of excitement at the threat, writhing in increasingly acute arousal as Lance's rubber-gloved hands rubbed his balls, weighing them in his palm, squeezing them roughly and massaging the underside of his throbbing, ready-to-burst cock.

"You have a fairly nice body, slave," Lance informed him mockingly. "It's good and firm... solid... and very responsive to pain." Another pinch on his tits, which made the kid jump and bite his full, pouting lower lip.

"I think I'd like to fuck myself on you. I'd like to sit on your cock...

to ride it... use it... just for my own pleasure and satisfaction. If you don't want me to, so much the better -- I'll get off on raping you, on using your hot little stud body any way I want."

His trick lifted his arms to fend him off. Lance took his wrists and pressed them firmly down on the mattress, twisting them until the trick gritted his teeth and gasped in real pain, although this was all part of their role-playing.

"Don't you dare try to resist your rubber master you fucking punk slave!"

Lance roared. "You piece of shit! Just a pretty face and a big cock --

that's all you are, all you're good for. You don't know how to service a man. But you'll learn. You'll learn fast and well -- or else!"

Again the other guy made a feeble gesture of protest, but Lance ignored it and swung one leg over him, so that he knelt astride his victim and could lower his crotch to his just far enough so that the head of the john's prick rubbed up and down the gap where Lance's own cock stuck out of the slit in the rubber underpants. The kid's jism smeared itself provocatively over the black condom straining over Lance's heavy-veined, pulsating, oozing prick.

"Doesn't the feel of my cock against yours get you hot, slave?" Lance demanded. "Yes," he gasped, squirming under Lance until the rubber squeaked against his skin. "Yes, sir, it does get me hot, sir!"

Lance grasped the entire length of the guy's cock in his hands and rubbed it to and fro against the rubber chaps he wore, twisting it painfully, watching the kid catch his breath and heave and wince as he forced himself not to cry out in protest. When Lance had had enough of tormenting him, he decided to explore the contents of the chest of drawers next to the bed, hoping there would be some useful restraints in it. There were no handcuffs or thongs, but there was a half-empty can of Crisco and -- Lance might have expected it -- a huge black-rubber dildo in the shape of a forearm and clenched fist.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Pleased with his windfall, Lance felt no need to try for another trick that night and even decided that he'd earned a drink at one of his favorite hangouts before he went home to bed, alone. The Strap was much like any other leather bar -- gloomy and raunchy, eerie. Lots of the local hustlers hung out there, to piss and drink and get warm between tricks. They all knew they could rely on the leather men not to try to pick them up unless the hustlers encouraged them to. But, of course, when a stud was in the mood for some quick sex, the patrons of The Strap were always ready to oblige, promptly and without the time-wasting game-playing that went on in more respectable gay bars.

Lance headed straight for the polished mahogany bar. A few men cruised him automatically, with blank expressions or challenging stares. Most were handsomely outfitted in full leather, but now that he was aware of rubber's possibilities, Lance was almost inclined to disqualify them as potential sex partners. The humpy, stripped-to-the-waist bartender poured Lance his drink without having to ask him what he wanted. Lance leaned on the bar and examined the clientele, keeping his facial expression deliberately bored and noncommittal.

"Disappointed by the crowd, man?" the bartender asked.

"Sort of."

"It's still early. And a few of the hot looking regulars have started to come in. Him, for, example... isn't he your type?"

The bartender nodded toward a young redheaded stud further along the bar.

The redhead looked back at Lance. His face was masculine, with a darker red mustache and startlingly green eyes which glinted, in the darkness, carrying a message -- a hint, a promise -- jaded but willing, submissive yet scornful. Lance had to admit that the number was indeed his type. Too bad he was too tired for a freebie tonight. Or perhaps he wasn't too tired, after

all. His prick twitched at the thought of being plunged into that hot cock-sucking mouth, between those enticingly firm, round ass cheeks.

"Can you introduce me to him?" Lance asked the bartender, only half-jokingly.

"He's a bottom man -- you don't need an introduction with him," the half-naked stud laughed under his breath. "Hell, just pull that big cock of yours out and tell him to lick it and he'll take it from there. He'll suck you off right here at the bar. I've seen him do it -- and a lot worse."

Lance chuckled. Then his attention was caught by a dark-haired guy approximately his own age who sauntered through the front door and up to the bar, further down.

"I've seen that number who just walked in working the streets," Lance told the bartender in a low voice. "You know him?"

"Sure. His name's Mike. He hustles. And he's very good at it, from what I hear. You worried about the competition?"

"Maybe." Smiling, Lance picked up his drink and walked directly toward Mike.

"Let me get that for you, man," he said casually, just as Mike started to pay the other bartender on duty for the beer he'd ordered.

Mike looked Lance in the eyes, warily, then returned his smile. "Oh, hi.

I won't say no," he said, with a forthrightness that matched Lance's blunt approach. "But I'm not really trying to pick anybody up in here. I just came in to get a drink before I hit the streets again"

Lance pushed his own money toward the second bartender, who diplomatically took it, ignoring Mike's. "No problem," Lance insisted.

"I'm Lance."

"I know. Your reputation's proceeded you, man. I'm Mike. Thanks for the drink."

"You're welcome. You got a minute to talk?"

"Sure."

Lance led Mike a few steps away from the bar, out of earshot of the other men nearby, including the redheaded stud -- who was eying both hustlers with a quizzical look on his sexy face.

"I've seen you working the streets," Lance said in a low voice. Mike laughed. "I think you've got too much class to be wasting your time doing that, myself, but that's your business."

"You're a call boy," Mike interjected. "Most of the time. It's safer, and more discreet that way. But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about. Listen, man I get requests all the time from guys who want to either have a threeway, or watch two hot numbers getting it on with each other. It's tough finding another guy who's reliable. Would you be interested in getting into something like that? You'd get paid the same as I would."

"Sure." Mike didn't have to think about it for more than a split-second.

"It might be kind of... interesting, man."

"Great. You got a phone?"

The two hustlers quickly exchanged phone numbers, on the standard matchbook covers, and agreed that Lance would give Mike a call the next time such an opportunity to do business together came up. Mike excused himself to go talk to somebody he knew, and Lance wasn't particularly surprised when the redhaired stud who'd been observing them immediately came up to him.

"Hi," he said brightly.

"Hello." Lance kept his voice noncommittal.

"New in town?"

"Right," Lance lied automatically. "Is this where most of the local leather action is?"

"Oh, nothing too exciting ever goes on in here. The guys talk about it a lot and get high and cruise each other real heavy, but the management frowns on anything beyond a little fast cock-sucking or fucking in the back rooms. Still, the men you meet here are about the most interesting you'll find in a town as uptight as this. You're the most interesting man I've seen in here for quite a while, so of course I knew you had to be from out of town. It figures."

Lance suppressed a smirk as he finished his drink and asked his new acquaintance what he was drinking. Over the second round they talked about matters of little consequence, their eyes expressing more than their words as they shamelessly cruised each other. They sized each other up, provoked each other with suggestive smiles and body language as they inched steadily closer to each other.

The redheaded stud was named Christopher, and he made it blatantly obvious that a long acquaintance wasn't necessary in order to enjoy his body. He demonstrated a truly remarkable ability to steer their small talk back to sex, no matter what other topics Lance casually introduced in order to keep the conversation going.

Mike passed them on his way out of the bar, smiled at Lance, and raised his hand to him in a farewell gesture. Christopher watched him leave, looking after him cynically.

"Your friend Mike doesn't like me very much," Christopher laughed, sounding totally unconcerned. Lance was sure Christopher couldn't care less about Mike's opinion of him, or anybody else's. "He thinks I'm a whore... I am, of course, but so is he. He fucks as many men as I do the only difference is that I don't charge for it so they usually come back to me for a second fuck session, and a third. They don't get bored with me."

Christopher went on to boast about taking on a dozen guys at once, about being repeatedly and decisively abused by them. He made it sound exciting, if only because he made it sound so depraved. He was the sort of guy a man could enjoy defiling and debasing, the type who welcomed it.

"Mike's an M," Christopher volunteered, when Lance didn't say anything in response to his sexual confessions at first. "When he's not out working the streets, of course."

"Oh, really?" Despite himself, Lance was curious about the other hustler's private life.

"Sure. I see him in here all the time, especially late at night, toward closing time. Whenever one of the top men needs a piece of hot ass and can't get anything better, there's always Mike to spread his ass cheeks for a cock or a fist. Not that I'm criticizing him for it, you understand. I just wonder how a hustler can stand to fuck and suck for free after a whole evening of putting out for money. I'd be exhausted, myself. And I do think at least a pretense of discrimination is called for, at times."

Lance smiled. "Are you discriminating?"

"Absolutely -- I never fuck women or bottom men." He put his hand on Lance's crotch and squeezed his cock. "Which means you're on, as long as you aren't an M, like Mike."

Lance took the hint that little or no seduction was necessary, and pressed his knee between Christopher's thighs. The contact seemed to set him on fire -- his flesh began to smolder from within.

"You're a very hot number, Christopher."

"You mean you're horny tonight."

"That, too. I won't deny it. I could use a hot fuck." Lance was surprised by his own words. His fatigue had vanished during their conversation, replaced by a horniness that was making his prick pulsate in his tight jeans.

"Let me buy you another drink while I think it over. Put your hand where I just had mine on you -- that helps me to make decisions."

Lance put his hand on the lump in Christopher's jeans and groped him roughly. The heat from the other man's body seemed even more intense, smoldering through the denim, and his glossy red hair seemed to glow like fire, giving off the same erotic heat.

It was as though the blazing furnace of his body sent heat rushing into Lance's flesh, too. Instantly, the blonde's cock began to swell and rise against its restraining clothing. Lance's blood was pounding and hardening his prick and Christopher's presence was like the blast of hot air from an open furnace door. When he smiled at Lance, his tongue flicked inside the flaming cavern of his mouth like a lick of fire and his red lips glowed as his internal temperature seared both men.

Lance gulped his drink, hoping to drown the fires that raged within him, or perhaps to stoke them higher, hotter, with the alcohol.

"I always have to touch a guy and have him touch me to know if I want to fuck him," Christopher said in a conversational tone of voice. "But once I make up my mind to fuck him, I can't wait. If we fool around too long cruising each other, I lose my hots, or rather, I get too hot, man. I can't wait for the other guy to get his rocks off..."

"Why wait?" Lance asked, but Christopher didn't seem to hear him. His mind had turned inward, his eyes blurred.

"When I get really hot for a stud, I can't control myself, sir. I can't help what I do. Any man can do anything he wants to me when I'm that horny, Master. The more terrible, the more I get off on it. The more depraved it is, the better. Will you do filthy things to me, Master?"

Right here? Right now?"

Lance nodded, not trusting himself to speak. His cock was leaping about madly inside his jeans as his hand slid down inside the waistband of the other guy's jeans. No one paid any attention. Christopher reached down and



pushed Lance's burning hand down inside his pants until his fingers closed around the redhead's very large, very hard, very hot cock. As Lance squeezed the cock, Christopher rubbed his palm across the bulge of Lance's jeans.

"Where can we go?" Lance panted.

"We can't go anywhere. I'm too fucking hot, I can't wait. You'll have to give it to me right here."

"Here at the bar?"

"No one will care."

"I'll care. I don't want an audience tonight."

Christopher looked annoyed for a moment, but he was too consumed with desire to have room for any other feelings. "There's a choice of back rooms," he said.

"All right. Show me."

Christopher twisted away and led the way, his hand leaving Lance's groin with the utmost reluctance. His knees were weak and he leaned against the bar for a moment, his hips squirming. Then he drew Lance toward the back down corridor, lit only by a feeble wall fixture.

"Where's the room?" Lance demanded.

"Take your choice. The men's room or the ladie's, although they're both men's, for all practical purposes. Haven't you ever fucked in a toilet before. I sort of get off on it, myself. It adds a touch of indecency, of filth. And it's absolutely as far as I'll be able to make it tonight without coming in my pants!"

He faced Lance, pressing his groin out. Once again that overwhelming body heat surged into Lance's flesh from Christopher. There was no point in hesitating, no point in looking around for a more sanitary place to cool their lust, not that this guy could ever have been sanitary. Christopher would

have exuded filth in a bath of antiseptic. Physically, he was clean, but his intentions and inclination made Lance feel almost chaste by comparison, he rotated his hips and Lance's rigid cock-shaft rolled across the equally unyielding flesh below Christopher's flat, hard belly.

Christopher moaned and closed his eyes. His face was twisted, strained and tormented.

"I can't stand it!" he gasped, puffing Lance after him through one of the doors.

The toilet was large, but dark and dirty. Nor was it unoccupied. A huge guy, wearing leather jeans, a worn grey sweatshirt displaying his barrel chest and massive biceps, and keys on his left side denoting his dominant preferences, waited impassively by the row of urinals. Christopher ignored him, tugging his jeans down. His flesh was smooth and unblemished, the tangle of his pubic hair blazing like a forest on fire.

He walked over to a toilet bowl, holding his shirt high above his waist so that Lance -- and the man in the sweatshirt -- saw the firm muscles roll in his ass. Facing away from the other two men, Christopher straddled the toilet bowl and lowered himself on bent knees, inch by inch, reaching behind himself to hold his ass cheeks wide open, exposing his hairy cleft and pink sphincter rim. Lance stared, fascinated by this whorish display.

"Come here," Christopher whispered urgently. "Get behind me!"

Lance did so, straddling the toilet bowl himself. Christopher bent forward, raising his ass toward Lance. He groped with one hand to pull at Lance's zipper, while his other hand vigorously massaged his own erect cock. He worked its dribbling emissions into a frothy lather. When his questing fingers reached. Lance's prick and pulled it forth, Lance felt the blood rushing through his brain. His cock was already enlarged to enormous proportions.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Christopher gasped.

He pressed the bulging knob of the hustler's cock-head down, aiming it between his cheeks, and it rose instantly upward again to meet his quivering asshole. It sank instantly into the slippery warmth and Lance realized that Christopher had come to the bar with his asshole already lubricated and ready for action.

The horny redhead stopped jerking off to grip the toilet bowl in order to steady himself against the impact of Lance's penetrating fuck-thrusts. He moaned with pleasure as Lance's cock slid into his ass inch by thick inch. Then Lance's belly was tight against Christopher's ass cheeks --

his prick-shaft had penetrated the full length of the man's ass. It was like sinking his cock into a bed of hot mud which rippled and bubbled and then closed over it. Christopher's hot ass flesh sought the maximum possible friction and his ass tunnel seemed made out of boiling quicksand, which sucked furiously at its victim.

"I'm too hot," he cried. "God. I need to get fucked! Give it to me! Fuck me! Fuck my ass! Hard! Oh, give me your cock! Fuck the shit out of my fuck-hole with your big, thick stud-cock!"

Lance started to thrust, then his entire body jerked in shock as a warm, wet tongue suddenly flicked over his balls and the base of his cock. The tongue came from below, wetting prick, balls, and ass crevice. He realized that the guy in leather pants and sweatshirt was sprawled on the floor next to the toilet with his head hanging over the bowl, face upward, licking his cock and Christopher's prick-plugged ass.

Christopher writhed and squirmed, pumping furiously back upon Lance's prick. He sought to delay his climax, obviously enjoying the pressure of the third man's tongue on his burning, invaded asshole. But it was useless; he was indeed too hot, and the ball-licker's tongue probably got seared as it passed over his flesh. Lance felt his own temperature rise sharply, quickly approaching the melting point, as the tongue lapped eagerly and repeatedly over his scrotum, bringing to his loins an intensity of arousal, that rivaled Christopher's. Lance fucked the redheaded stud with blind, bestial, instinctive abandon, making him shudder and moan.

"Give it to me," Christopher sobbed. "Fuck me, fuck my ass! Fuck it hard!

Fuck it off! Tear my asshole open with your cock!"

Lance drove his hips forward and up, plunging in to the full extent, and then he let himself go. His cum spurted like a liquid rocket blast.

Christopher's hips leaped at the pressure and impact as Lance filled his butt, then his own release joined Lance's -- his cum flew free of his cock and sprayed all over the wall, obliterating the lewd graffiti with drops of jism.

Lance drew back and his cock slid out of Christopher's asshole as he leaned against the wall. He saw his cream pour out of the unplugged asshole. It streamed down Christopher's legs and fell into the toilet bowl, some of it splattering on the dirty tile floor. For a moment Christopher was motionless, except for the trembling that passed through him. Then he pushed his ass down into the face of the man who had been licking him from below. Slowly, without passion this time, Christopher encouraged the guy to rim him and lick Lance's cum off of his asshole.

The man lapped it up, the slimy overflow from Christopher's gaping asshole filled his hungry mouth.

"Obviously, you can't judge an ass-licker by which side he wears his keys an," Christopher joked lewdly as he let the man work on him for a few minutes. When Christopher stepped away from the toilet the guy's tongue remained lolled out of his gaping mouth, quivering, as though it were still hungry for the taste of Lance's come from Christopher's asshole.

The man fished into his fly, undid the buttons of his leather pants and grabbed his hard-on, beating it hard and fast. He cupped his dangling balls with his other hand and stared with depraved lust at Lance and Christopher.

"Look at that, will you, man?" Christopher commented, taking his cock in his hand. "Jesus!"

Without further ado, he dropped down to his knees and kissed the guy's erect cock, his hand gliding up and down the shaft. He held the guy's balls

between his thumb and forefinger, squeezing them non too gently. He kissed the cock-head again, bit it, then lathered it with his tongue as the guy bowled in pain.

Christopher grasped the man around both thighs, placed his lips over the cock-head, lowered his mouth down over the shaft, and sucked the inches of throbbing prick effortlessly down his throat. While Lance watched, repelled yet excited by the lewd spectacle. The guy Christopher was sucking groaned, despite his evident determination to remain completely silent as he tricked in the john.

He groaned again as Christopher's mouth traveled down the thick tube toward his balls, then slipped sluggishly back up toward the massive cock-head. The man in the leather jeans put his fingers into Christopher's disheveled red mane to guide the rise and fall of the cock-sucker's face upon his rock-hard cock.

"Suck me!" he whispered hotly, staring not at Christopher but at Lance.

Then he groaned and buried his prick all the way down Christopher's throat. It exploded as it sank in and he kept his hands in Christopher's hair, keeping the latter's face pushed snugly into his lower belly. He held him so tightly that Lance wondered why Christopher didn't choke on the guy's cock-meat and why the prick didn't thrust clear through Christopher's skull.

Then the blow-job was over. Christopher swallowed, licking away the last drops of come from the guy's cock-lips. He bent the guy's softening prick, stuffed it back through the parted jeans, and buttoned the fly over the bulge it made.

Brought back to reality by watching this, Lance fastened his own jeans while Christopher stood up and adjusted his clothing. The redhead looked quite normal, unflustered, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened -- except for a glow of momentary satisfaction in his green eyes as he turned to Lance with a leer, leaving the guy he'd just sucked off slumped on the floor, panting for breath, looking dazed.

"Let me do that for you, sir," Christopher offered.

He tucked Lance's diminishing hard-on back inside his pants, gave it a gentle squeeze, and pulled the zipper back up. Then he kissed Lance on the mouth, letting him taste the other man's cum which lingered on his lips and tongue.

"I like you," he said. "I think we can have a lot of fun together."

Fun hardly seemed an adequate word for it, but perhaps to Christopher, it was a precise description. He led Lance back into the bar without so much as a glance at their temporary sex partner, who remained behind, waiting for still more action among the urinals.

In this, however, the leather stud was doomed to disappointment. Lance and Christopher had no sooner turned the corner into the dark little corridor that led to the johns when they found their way blocked by two uniformed policemen. In the main barroom, other cops were flashing their badges, giving the patrons a hard time, demanding ID's.

"Hold it right there, cock-suckers," one of the cops barked, leering at Lance and Christopher. "You're both under arrest."

"What for?" Christopher retorted brazenly, as Lance tried his best to become invisible.

"Gross public indecency. We know what's been going on in that john."

"I was just taking a shit," Christopher bluffed.

"Yeah, and these other two guys were helping you wipe yourself off afterward," the cop scoffed, as the guy in the leather pants was unceremoniously dragged out of the men's room to join them. "We've had this bar under surveillance for a long time... and we just recorded the whole thing, your little gay orgy, with a hidden camera."

"Bullshit!" Christopher said, seemingly unperturbed.

Lance didn't say anything as one of the policemen read him his rights.

He'd had enough encounters with the law to suspect that there really had been a camera. Passively he let himself be handcuffed and led out of the bar with the other two men he'd just fucked with. It was obvious that the night's adventures, bizarre as they'd been up until now, were far from over.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Steve almost missed Mike the first time he drove around the block. The street was dark and Mike was half-hidden in the shadows of a doorway, one foot bracing his weight against the wall while the other squashed out a cigarette butt on the sidewalk. It was the flare of the match as he lit another that caught Steve's attention, but by then he was too far past him to slow down and stop. He had caught a glimpse, though, of a tight Tshirt, a mane of unruly dark hair against a tanned forehead, and an enticingly young and ruggedly good-looking face. It was enough to make Steve curse the red light at the corner as he went around the block for a second look.

The night's street cruising had been unusually slow, with more than an hour's aimless driving through dark city streets already under Steve's belt and Mike the first obvious hustler he had spotted -- and Steve wasn't the only guy out shopping. He had been in a procession of at least a half-dozen other cars for the past half hour, and he knew that any one of them might snap that hot young number up while he sat out the changing of a traffic light.

But Mike was still there, still posing, when Steve re-entered the street, so he pulled the car to the curb and shut off the motor, then switched on the headlights and blinked them on and off. Mike didn't move. Steve blinked them again and Mike dropped his cigarette to the sidewalk, jammed his hands in his pockets, and started toward the car.

He was beautiful, perfect. Even in the darkness Steve's prick hardened at the sight of him. Proudly defiant in tight, frayed, and faded jeans that only a well-built young stud could do justice to. Not overly developed, but packing that T-shirt with muscle and firm, hard strength. Steve watched Mike's thighs move as he walked... the mannish sway which meant his ass cheeks were in motion, the way his legs' motion emphasized the obvious lump of cock-meat running down the inner surface of his left thigh.

Mike stopped beside the car, the bottom of the window cutting him off just below mid-thigh and the top just before the T-shirt swelled out over those



pectoral muscles. He stood there for a long moment, letting Steve get a good look at the merchandise, letting him see that he was, indeed, hung. The lump inside his jeans was thick and big enough to leave no doubt that it wasn't just a careful arrangement giving the impression of more than there really was, but the genuine article. The jeans were worn almost white down the front, from the bottom of the fly down to his knees, almost as though he had deliberately scrubbed them to emphasize his basket.

"Hi," Steve said, too casually.

Mike leaned down and rested his arms on the bottom of the window. "Hi," he said. His face was bland, expressionless, his voice barely disguising his boredom.

"You want to get inside?"

"You want to suck my cock?" Mike shot back brazenly.

"How much?"

"Twenty-five. Thirty if you want to fuck me."

"All right."

"Half now," Mike said. "The rest when we're done."

Steve dug out his wallet and handed him twenty dollars. "Get in," he urged. "There might be a tip in it for you if you show me a good time."

Mike grinned. He knew Steve was hooked.

And he was right. Steve was fascinated by him, barely able to keep himself from pushing him back against the seat, opening those tight jeans, and giving him a hot blow-job right there in the car. Steve could feel a mounting pressure inside his own pants at the thought of having Mike in his bed, undressing him slowly, running his hands over his sleek, strong flesh, holding him in a grip of his fingers as he kissed his way down his belly and captured that big prick of his in his hungry mouth.

"You want to do it here, or you got some place to go?" Mike asked bluntly as he settled into the front seat beside Steve. "It's late, man. I was just on my way home from the bars when I decided to try for one more trick. Don't worry, you're going to get your money's worth, but I can't spend all fucking night with you."

"I know a good place to park near here," Steve said as he started the car and drove away from the curb.

After the short trip, he pulled the car over to the curb in the dark alley he'd already staked out for this purpose, turned off the motor, and killed the lights. He noticed that Mike was suddenly restless beside him, fumbling with his pants, his muscular young legs spread wide on the seat next to him.

"I'm really fucking hard up tonight, man," Mike groaned. "Been carrying this hard-on around with me for hours -- oh, that's better."

He gasped in relief as he unzipped his fly, pushed the flaps of his jeans to either side, and let his enormous uncircumcised hard-on spring up into the shadowy interior of Steve's sedan. Steve almost came in his pants at the sight of it, and he couldn't believe it when the young stud hustler began to jack off with fiendish determination right beside him. Steve glanced up and down the alley. Deserted, thank God!

"You've got one hell of a big cock," Steve observed lasciviously, staring at the hard-on his pick-up was so industriously fisting.

"I thought you'd like it," Mike panted as his prick swelled to even more stupendous proportions. "Oh, that feels so fucking good, man! Just give me a minute to set the pump primed before you go down on it. Then I'll give you a mouth-fuck and a load of fresh hot come down your cock-sucking throat that you won't believe!"

Steve had to laugh as he ogled the erotic spectacle of the hot young stud flogging his hog so shamelessly. Then he put his hand on Mike's bared upper thigh, which was already shiny with sweat. The rosy knob of the twitching hard-on beckoned him shyly and he lowered his head slowly into Mike's lap. The dark-haired hustler adjusted his position to make room for

Steve, then squealed with pent up excitement as he felt the slick tip of the big, butch guy's tongue run over his cock-head, wetting it with a thin film of spit.

"Oh, yeah! Suck it, man! You paid for it, now suck it, buddy!" Mike crooned, thrusting his fingers into Steve's carefully brushed brown hair, disordering it.

"I'll suck you dry, kid," Steve promised, and immediately began making good his word.

His mustache tickled Mike's rolled-back foreskin as he kissed the shaft of the throbbing blue-veined prick, licking it once more, and then taking the head of it all the way into his mouth and exerting a gentle tugging, slurping up as much of the shaft as he could. Mike whimpered as he tried to control his shivering calves and thighs and writhing ass.

"Eat it, man!" he snarled lustfully, lapsing into a favorite blow-job fantasy of having his john of the moment completely at his mercy -- a stud slave who'd do his every bidding without hesitation or revulsion!

"You, love sucking on that big juicy piece of meat of mine, don't you, cock-sucker? I bet you're out here every night picking up guys and paying them to let you suck their cocks and shove them up your ass. Well, you're swinging on my Goddamn prick rod now, man, so you'd better do a good job!

Eat that cock-meat, motherfucker! Get a little tongue action in there, around the head of my big prick! You know you love it, so suck it!

Ohhhh!"

Mike suddenly moaned languidly, in cruel mockery of the lustful grunts and whimpers that Steve was making as the hustler's torrent of verbal abuse urged him on to greater oral efforts.

"Ohhhhh, suck me! Sweet mother-fucking Jesus Christ! I'm gonna shoot just thinking about all the guys you've probably sucked off like this, right

here on this front seat! I can practically smell their jizz in the air, man! You like my prick, man? You getting your money's worth? Is my big cock worth it? Oh, suck that thing, man! Suck it! Jesus Christ, suck it!"

Steve's cheeks, already flushed as he worked feverishly on Mike's cock, reddened even more with shame as he realized how he had lowered himself.

Sucking off some smart-assed, loud-mouthed street hustler! But Mike was one hell of a hot number and, although Steve would have died before admitting it, he got a secret kick out of humiliating himself by servicing the foul-mouthed, big-cocked son of a bitch. He ate the young stud's cock with relish, throwing all sense of self-respect to the winds and giving his latent masochism full rein.

Steve almost screamed hysterical triumph as the salty taste that had been gradually building up on his tongue suddenly intensified, then flooded the entire interior of his cock-crammed mouth with sticky, savory wetness. The hustler's hot hard cock jerked violently to match the convulsions of the rest of his hard-muscled body as he pumped more and more fresh come into Steve's thirsty mouth and down his dry throat.

"Oh, suck it -- suck it -- suck, suck, suck!" Mike cried as Steve wolfed down the last mouthfuls of his fattening whipped cream.

Mike groaned with post-orgasmic relief and let his dark head sag back against the headrest, his prick still jerking inside the other man's frantically suctioning mouth as Steve began to lick the softening prick clean of its viscous coating of come.

"All right!" a tough, masculine voice barked, as the harsh beam of a flashlight suddenly stabbed into the front seat of the parked car.

"You're under arrest, punk!"

"What the fuck?" Mike cried, completely taken by surprise, sputtering as he tried to shove Steve's mouth off his slimy cock and stuff the incriminating cock back into his open jeans.

"I'm a cop," Steve panted, licking Mike's come from his glistening lips as his eyes blazed up with vindictive glee. "That's my partner and you're under arrest, punk, just like he said. Get out of the car and put your hands on it. We're busting you for male prostitution."

"Like hell you are! Cock-sucking Judas!" Mike bellowed.

Frantic, he drove one knee up between Steve's legs, letting him have it full and hard in the balls, and, as the cop doubled up, grunting with pain, Mike shoved him down on the seat and threw himself out of the car from the drivers side. But his path was already blocked by the big body of the huge, tough-looking blond stud who was wielding the flashlight.

"Hold it right there, punk!" the blond cop bellowed, in a voice that wouldn't have needed a bullhorn to make itself heard throughout several city blocks. "You're going downtown!"

"Oh Christ, it hurts!" Steve moaned, staggering out of the car as he nursed his aching nuts with both hands jammed between his thighs. "I'll get you for this, you whore! I'm going to add assaulting a police officer and resisting arrest to the vice rap! We've got enough on you to put you behind bars for the rest of your fucking life!"

In his horror and despair, Mike scarcely realized that this was an exaggeration.

"Now get up against that wall over there and spread 'em! And give me your fucking blackjack, Harry. I'm going to teach this little bastard a lesson before we haul his ass downtown to book him!"

"Okay," Harry grumbled. "I don't blame you... but do it so you don't leave any marks on him, okay?"

## CHAPTER SIX

Lance realized that his arrest was only one part of what was apparently a large-scale vice crack-down in the area. As he and Christopher sat, locked in the back of one patrol car -- the stud in the leather jeans had been taken away in another -- he saw other hustlers in handcuffs being shoved into a police van to be driven downtown further down the block.

"Want me to lean over and try to get your pants open so I can suck you off?"

Christopher suggested calmly. "It'll help pass the time unless the pigs come back."

Lance stared at him incredulously. "How can you even think about sex at a time like this? We've just been busted, for Christ's sake!"

The redhead shrugged. "So what? Relax, will you? I'll give you my lawyer's name and phone number once we get to the police station. He'll take care of everything."

Lance grunted. "Oh, you're just too fucking much, man!" he said before relapsing into a sullen silence.

Fifteen minutes later, they were being driven downtown themselves. In the front seat, separated from them by a screen, one cop drove while the other sat beside him filling out his arrest report.

"Uh!" Christopher muttered suddenly, biting his lip and squirming in his seat. "Hey, Officer!"

Cop Number One turned. "What the fuck you want, faggot?"

"Uh -- I gotta take a piss!"

"Yeah, well, tough shit! Just hold it!"

"But can't!" Christopher protested meekly, red-faced, wriggling violently. Lance stared at him. "I just gotta go! You want me to piss my pants -- all over your car?" The redhead winked at Lance as he spoke.

"Aw, for Chrissake -- why didn't you go in that bar, before we busted you? Pull over, man, before the fucking faggot sprays us both!" Cop Number One said angrily.

"Gee, thanks, Officer," Christopher said warmly.

When Cop Number Two stopped the car at the curb, Number One got out, opened the door on Christopher's side, and unlocked his handcuffs -- only to re-fasten the guy's wrists in front of him as a safety measure. They weren't taking any chances of losing their humpy and uninhibited prisoner.

"You gotta go, too?" Number One asked Lance shortly.

"No," the blond hustler snapped.

Christopher stood on the sidewalk and unzipped himself, milking the hard cock he pulled out of his fly. After a moment he turned to Number One and grinned shyly.

"Come on," the cop said impatiently. "We ain't got all night!"

"Can't you see it's hard? How can I piss with a hard-on?" Christopher retorted.

"Well, it wouldn't be hard if you'd stop beating off! Listen, asshole, if you're trying to stall for time, it won't do you any good. You're going to jail and that's it."

"Let me suck you off," Christopher said suddenly.

"What?" Number One sputtered, his rugged young face turning red.

Number Two had heard. "Get that punk in here, man! He's just leading you on!"

"No! Let me suck your cock first, please, Officer, sir!" Christopher pleaded, falling to his knees on the street and pressing his cheek against Number One's basket as he groped at the policeman with his cuffed hands. "It's one of my hottest fantasies... we got time! I'll blow you real good! You won't be sorry!"

"What a whore you are!" Lance jeered.

Number One's hands had already strayed to Christopher's tousled red hair.

"Get your ass back here!" his partner cried, aghast. "You can't be serious! You're not going to let the kid do you, right here on the street?"

"Why not?" Number One retorted, too aroused by the thought of getting a blow-job to think clearly. "It's our word against theirs! You can get his buddy to suck you off, too -- he'll do anything, the bastard! Or maybe you'd rather fuck him! So we're a little late getting there! So what? We can say we had car trouble!"

"Now, just you wait a minute..." Lance began.

"Ohhhhh! Suck it, baby! Suck it!" Number One moaned. "Oh, yeah!"

Christopher's busy hands had already opened the cop's pants and tugged them down along with his jockey shorts. His cock snapped to attention, rock-hard, within seconds as the redhead put his special slurping and tugging and tonguing technique to work.

"Oh my God! He's great! He's the best Goddamn cock-sucker I've ever had!

Oh, Jesus! Eat that hot dick, kid! Suck it!" the cop cried.

Panting with lust at the lewd spectacle of Christopher's head bobbing back and forth at Number One's crotch, Number Two flung open the front door of the car and got out. He kept his hot eyes glued on Christopher as he yanked open the rear door on Lance's side.

"Roll over on the seat and drop your pants, faggot!" he growled.



Lance gaped at him in shocked disbelief. "You-you can't be serious, man!

You don't mean you're going to fuck me!"

Number Two drew his revolver and touched the cold barrel to Lance's throat. "On your belly, punk, before I blow your brains out! Or before I stick the business end of this gun up your ass and pull the trigger? You like to get fucked, I bet -- so I'm going to do you a favor before they lock you up. Drop 'em!"

Trembling, Lance lay face down on the back seat, fumbling at the belt buckle and zipper of his jeans with his shackled hands. As he got the tight pants unfastened, the cop jerked them down to his knees, baring his ass.

"Oh, shit! What an ass! Am I ever gonna enjoy this!" the cop moaned as he straddled Lance's body clumsily in the close confinement of the rear of the car.

"Oh please... at least grease it up first... it'll hurt me too much dry... oh!"

Lance whimpered as Number Two, gripping his over-excited prick in his fist, guided the head of it between Lance's spread checks and pressed downward. Lance grunted as the blunt cock-head pound against his sphincter for a moment, then forced its slow, agonizing way through the straining, resisting ass ring.

"God damn! I'm going to fuck you the way you fucked your boyfriend in that men's room," the cop exulted, as he quickly completed his rape of Lance's unwilling ass. "I can't wait to see those pictures we took of you two faggots fucking each other. I'm going to jerk off just thinking about what I'm doing to you now. You'd better open up that hot, tight ass of yours and take my cock, right now! Or else!"

His prick was slippery with the jism he'd already dribbled, so intense was his arousal. He re-positioned himself in a half-squatting, half-lying attitude on top of the blond stud's body, and took his cock-shaft in his fist to guide it between Lance's ass cheeks. The prick-head ground against the entrance for

long, infuriating, frustrating seconds before the cop pushed it part-way through by means of brute force and will power.

The cop was astonished and thrilled at how hot and tight Lance's ass was!

It was like sinking his cock into molten rubber, the cop thought with sadistic glee as he rammed the rest of his bulging cock-head inside the tortured ass ring, keeping his eyes glued on his partner's prick pumping in and out of Christopher's slurping mouth the whole time.

Instead of reconciling himself to the inevitable and trying to relax, Lance fought desperately, only increasing his own agony as the cop forced more and more of his stiff tough cock into his asshole, stretching the delicate membranes with the sheer bulk of his pulsating hard-on.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

After Lance and Mike were each booked downtown, they were glad to see each other but sorry that it was their shared misfortune to be thrown into a holding cell with five other male prostitutes who'd been busted that night, two blacks, two whites, and one Puerto Rican. They were all young, resentful, and belligerent. And they had no sooner given their two new cellmates the once-over than they decided to bait the two comparatively high-class hustlers.

"Hey, studs, you slumming tonight or what?"

"About time these big-shit operators saw how the other half lives!"

"Whatsamatta, faggots? Wouldn't the pigs that busted your asses let you suck 'em off to beat the rap?"

"Who'd want that used merchandise? Even pigs got better taste!"

"Sho would like to fuck that yeller-haired ho!" one of the blacks rasped, licking his lips.

"Ain't you go no qwawtair? Thassall you gotta pay him!" the other black jeered.

"Shit! That bitch would fuck for five fucking cents?"

"Hell, he'd probably pay you!" General laughter.

"Maricons!" the Puerto Rican spat. "Na wonder us guys can't make out -- not with fancy faggots like these two bitches giving it away for free!"

"That one with the cute little ass wouldn't look so pretty if I shoved my fist in his punk face!"

"Or your cock up his ass!"

"Hey, muthafuckin' boy-cunt over thair, you been turnin' tricks on my fuckin' turf? 'Cause if you is, I a-gonna cut your bawls off!"

"What balls? These rich bitches're so used to taking it up the ass they ain't got nothing but a gash between their legs!"

"No kidding? Spread 'em, baby, an' lemme take a look!"

"Aw, they won't let you, they're shy. And anyway, they're both on the rag!"

"Whatsamatta, rich faggots? Cunt got your tongue?"

Lance had sat down on a filthy, hard bunk beside the dejected Mike and was rubbing his tired, bloodshot eyes. He glanced up angrily at the other hustlers, finally having heard enough.

"Suck my cock!" he spat.

One of the white guys, a husky, raw-boned kid who looked and sounded fresh from the farm, jumped up and sprang at Lance.

"Why don't you-all suck mine, faggot?" he drawled.

Shouts rose in a confused chorus and Lance had barely had time to jump up to defend himself before they were on top of him and Mike. With odds of two against five and the two further handicapped by being taken by surprise, it wasn't much of a fight. Within brief, brutal seconds Lance had been wrestled to the floor, Mike down on the bunk, and the gang-bang was well under way. Lance screamed and cursed as his pants were ripped off him. Mike, his mouth bruised and bleeding from a punch, struggled to free himself from the grip of the two blacks as they stripped him naked.

"We'd better use some grease this time," one of the white studs panted as he gripped Lance's cock and balls in his fist. "Don't want no guys with torn assholes in the infirmary to get us in any fucking trouble!"

"Gimme the soap," the other white guy grunted.

The Puerto Rican fetched it from the grimy sink in the corner of the cell. One hustler smeared the soft, wet cake of soap between Lance's ass cheeks as the other two held the writhing blond down, his ass cheeks spread. Then the soap was tossed to the two blacks so they could use it on Mike.

"Mike -- hey, man -- you all right?" Lance mumbled, his split lips barely moving.

"Your boyfriend's doing just fine, faggot," one of his molesters jeered.

"And so will you be as soon as you feel my eight-inch cock, in your ass!"

Mike couldn't answer because his mouth was already stuffed with hard black cock. The two blacks had him on his back on the bunk, naked. The two rapists had also stripped and one of them sat on Mike's chest, holding him down and feeding him his cock while his buddy lifted Mike's legs over his broad, ebony shoulders and thrust his immense mahogany hard-on up the white hustler's soaped-up asshole.

"Sheeyit, man," the black who was doing the fucking declared as he ran his hands over Mike's hips and ass cheeks and thighs. "Do these heah whaht boys ever got nahce smooth skin!"

"And does this whitey ever know how to suck cock!" his companion grunted.

"Eat it, hanky! Eat that black meat! Swing on a little black power for a change!"

Lance was being used by all three of the other hustlers. The farm boy fucked him with a long, hard, wickedly curved cock that looked as though it'd been transplanted between his legs from a mule. The other white guy had stripped and was holding Lance's head between his hands, tugging at the blond's disheveled hair, forcing Lance to move his bleeding mouth up and down on the cock that had been crammed down his throat. Meanwhile, the Puerto Rican, also naked by now, had thrust his sleek, olive-skinned body beneath Lance's and was sucking him off.

It turned into a full-scale orgy with no holds barred, the two luckless prisoners being subjected to their cellmates' every whim. The two blacks came in Mike's mouth and ass then switched positions. Lance was forced, willy-nilly, to swallow one load, and take another blast of hot come up his ass. The farm boy pulled his cock out of Lance's ass and let the Puerto Rican take over. Lance was forced to rim the guy who'd just come in his mouth. The stud who'd just finished fucking him commanded him harshly to give him a handjob so he could have seconds.

Then the blacks, having had their fill of Mike's beautiful young body for the time being, demanded a crack at the humpy blond. They forced Lance to suck their cocks and eat out their assholes, then took turn fucking him.

Mike was sandwiched between the Puerto Rican and the two white guys in another frantic sexual melee, arms, legs, asses, crotches, cocks merging into an indistinguishable blur of heaving male nudity as the three men used his body again and again. The dimly-lit, filthy room stank of sweat and come and piss as water sports were added to the ingredients that Lance and Mike had already suffered.

Finally the gangbang became a free-for-all, all seven writhing bodies jammed into a sweaty, groping heap of flesh on the floor, with Lance and Mike distinguished from the others only by the fact that they were on the bottom of the pile, too exhausted now to put up even a token resistance.

By the time all five of the rapists were satisfied it was nearly dawn.

Lance and Mike were literally drenched in come, and their repeatedly-ravished assholes were as sore as if they'd spent the past week flagpole-sitting -- but with the flagpole shoved up their ass, ball ornament, stars-and-stripes, and all.

The last cock was finally pulled out of Mike's tortured ass and the last spurt of come trickled down Lance's throat. Heavy, muscular bodies rolled off of them, and they were left in peace, sprawled naked on the cold floor. Most of the other hustlers were too exhausted to even climb into the bunks and they fell asleep where they lay on the floor, surrounding their two victims, snoring loudly. Lance slid his split-knuckled, bleeding hand gingerly across

the floor, groping for Mike's. He touched the other hustler's palm and their fingers intertwined.

"Mike... fucker... you okay?" the bruised and battered blond managed to groan.

"I-I guess so, man. I got so much fucking come in my ass that I don't think anything got torn. How about you?"

"I'll live. None of them had anything a freak show'd be interested in,"

Lance muttered, with a ghost of his usual humor and cynicism. "Listen, asshole... I've been busted before."

"So have I," Mike admitted.

"They'll probably throw the book at both of us this time. And you know what that means. Thirty days in the slammer. What these bastards just did to us will seem like a garden party after our first couple of nights of doing real time."

Mike groaned. "Oh Jesus, man, I'm scared. I-I don't think I could handle it... getting gang-banged like this, every Goddamn night for thirty days!"

"We'll have to look out for each other... if they put us in the same cell block. Deal?"

"Deal."

They remained where they were until they both fell asleep, still holding hands.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Unable to raise bail, Mike was forced to remain in jail until his case was heard. His day in court, or rather his fifteen minutes in court, was short and sweet -- for everybody except the defendant. Seething with barely contained rage, Mike had to listen to the two police officer's totally fabricated story about how he had approached Steve on the street and groped him in the crotch in the front seat of the car before offering to go down on him in exchange for twenty bucks.

Mike had then supposedly produced the blackjack from his own pocket and used it on Steve, intending to roll him for the rest of his money, before the other vice cop came to his partner's rescue. It was all very persuasive -- and quite damning.

"This isn't the first time -- or the second -- that you've gotten yourself into this sort of trouble, young man," the judge said severely, after glancing through the papers spread out in front of him. "You're amassing quite a criminal record for a boy of your age, and I'm afraid I can't afford to be lenient this time... you've had your second chances in the past but evidently you prefer peddling your ass in the streets to working for a living. Do you have anything to say before I pass sentence?"

"Yeah!" Mike exploded recklessly. "I didn't offer to suck off no pig's cock for him, Your Honor! That fucking closet queen over there..." he pointed at Steve, who flinched, "was the one who went down on me and sucked me off and swallowed my fucking load and enjoyed every cock-sucking minute of it!" That happened to be the simple truth, of course, and although it might have been wiser for Mike to have kept his mouth shut about it, the mortified look on the policeman's face was almost compensation enough for what the hustler had suffered since his arrest.

If nothing else, word of the accusation would quickly spread through the station house and plenty of Steve's fellow officers would be cynical enough to wonder if what Mike had said was true.



"Twenty bucks to suck his cock!" Mike laughed scornfully, ignoring the shocked expression on the judge's face. "Shit, you couldn't pay me enough to blow that ugly fucker!"

There were titters from some of the other prisoners waiting to be tried.

Mike heard the scandalized judge rapping his gavel, and realized he'd gone too far. He noticed, however, that the judge was a middle-aged gentleman, who didn't look as though he got fucked all that often --

provided he could get it up any more, which Mike was inclined to doubt.

Mike flashed his most seductive, winning smile as he quickly leaned forward over the edge of the bench toward the judge, who automatically leaned forward to hear what the young stud had to say.

"Hey, Your Honor," Mike whispered, too quietly for anyone else in the crowded, noisy courtroom to hear. "How about you and me making a deal?"

This was all nothing but a little misunderstanding in the first place, and if you'd be nice enough to just forget about it and say, 'Case dismissed', I'll make it worth your while... we could have ourselves one hell of a good time together, you and me. I could come over to your place tonight and..." The rap of the gavel interrupted him in mid-proposition.

Apparently His Honor didn't indulge, at any rate, he wasn't tempted and he wasn't amused. He sentenced Mike to thirty days in the local Holding Center, just as the more experienced Lance had predicted, and the deputies led the mortified hustler away.

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Later in the same session, it was Lance's turn. Out on bail through the generosity of a steady client, he met his flamboyantly gay lawyer, Dennis, outside the courtroom.

"Lance, baby, you look like hell! What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" the blond hustler retorted. "Nothing, man. I'm just going to jail for prostitution, gross public indecency, complete moral degeneracy, and generally being an undesirable old whore. On top of which I just spent the whole night fucking and sucking with every good-looking guy I could find in the baths, because I know for a fact I'm going to be servicing those ugly numbers in the Holding Center for the next month. So what could be wrong?"

"Lance, look. If worse comes to worse and you have to do a stretch behind bars, at least you've got an asset you can exploit there. Hell, with your talent for turning tricks, you'll be running the place by the time they let you out."

"Thank you, Dennis. And fuck you!"

Inside the courtroom, the vice cop in charge of the undercover operation at the bar gave his warrant to the prosecuting attorney, who read off the charges. He covered Lance's history of arrests for male prostitution, and submitted photographs of Lance fucking Christopher in the men's room. It sounded to Lance like an iron-clad indictment.

"Is the accused represented by counsel?" the judge asked.

"He is, Your Honor," Dennis replied.

"How does the accused plead?"

"Guilty!" Lance called out before Dennis could answer for him.

"No! Not guilty!" Dennis hissed.

"Order! Order in the court!" the bailiff growled.

"Your Honor, we plead not guilty," Dennis said quickly, glaring murderously at Lance.

Lance scoffed. "Oh, shit! I'm guilty as hell, and everybody knows it!"

"Order!"

"The defendant will approach the bench. The court will examine him," the judge said angrily.

"Lance, you asshole, the judge wants to talk to you. He's probably going to want to know if you're crazy! Get your ass up there and watch your cock-sucking mouth, unless you want to end up in jail for contempt of court on top of everything else," Dennis whispered in the blond's ear before giving him a shove toward the bench.

Lance went to the bench and stood there, looking sullenly at the floor.

"The defendant will look at me," the judge said.

Lance looked up -- right into the eyes of a man he recognized as one of his regular customers!

"Oh, Jesus, Jack! It's you!" he blurted out under his breath.

"Lance, have you committed the acts specified in these charges?" the judge asked, fighting to repress a smirk on his lips, and a twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes, sir, I sure did."

"These are photos of you?"

"Yes."

"This is your penis, in a state of erection, penetrating the anus of the other gentleman?"

"You ought to know."

"The defendant will respond respectfully!" the bailiff squalled.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Lance, are you happy with the life you are now leading?"

"Hell, yes! I'm having a ball. My cock is getting more attention than it knows what to do with," Lance whispered, flashing Jack a grin. "Look, man, I know it was dumb to get it on right there in the public john like that. Just lock me up so I can serve my time and get it over with, all right?"

"This court feels that every effort should be made to rehabilitate. It is not in the best interests of society to jail every unfortunate person who gets himself into trouble," the judge said loudly and pompously.

The arresting officer stared at him as though he were demented.

"Damn it, Lance," Jack went on under his breath, "if only they didn't have these fucking pictures of you. I could throw their whole case out of court! But now I'm stuck... I have no choice except to sentence you to that hole for the full thirty days. You're just going to have to bend over and take your punishment. But there is one thing I can do for you, kid. I'm going to pull a few strings to get you confined to Cell Block H.

The other inmates there will give you less of a hard time. I'm afraid that's all I can do for you."

"Thanks, Jack, I appreciate it," Lance said warmly.

The crowd in the courtroom was hushed, trying to catch the two men's words.

"Listen -- there's one more favor you might be able to do for me, for old times' sake. You just threw the book at a buddy of mine, too -- Mike. Can you get him assigned to the same cell block so I can look after him?"

"I'll see what I can do, Lance. And I'll give you a call as soon as you're released. We'll get together." The judge imperiously rapped his gavel. "Thirty days in the Holding Center. I hope you will make good use of that time by meditating upon the grossly indecent acts that got you there, young man. I'm sure that I will be thinking about them often," he added cryptically, as he casually slipped the incriminating photographs of Lance under his judicial robe and into his pocket.

## CHAPTER NINE

Lance lay nude on his bunk in the darkened cell, waiting impatiently for Kincaid, who regularly came to the blond hustler's cell on Tuesday and Thursday nights. Kincaid was one of the many young studs in Cell Block H

who had already sought out Lance's sexual favors, and was eager to pay for them -- in cigarettes, candy bars, drugs, or other commodities. Lance was the most attractive number to land in the Holding Center in some time and the fact that he'd been a male whore on the outside only made it easier for him to adjust to jail life.

After only two weeks in the slammer, he was immensely popular, not only among the openly gay inmates, but also among the many supposedly straight guys like Kincaid, who had decided not to let doing time behind bars restrict their natural sex drives.

Despite the frequency of homosexual contacts in the cell block, however, getting caught in a sex act with another prisoner was still against the rules and could be punished by immediate lock-up in solitary confinement.

After his first few days of wary sexual contacts, however, Lance had developed a more reckless, defiant attitude, asking himself, if he did get caught fucking and sucking with a fellow inmate, what could the guards do to him? Throw him in jail? He certainly wasn't going to pass up on so many opportunities to do a little business. Most of the horny studs were frantic to get a crack at his body and eager to do anything they could in return, for a few minutes' pleasure.

Lance sat up quickly as Kincaid slipped into his cell. As was his habit.

On such erotic excursions, Kincaid wore jeans, a tank top undershirt, and shower clogs -- enough to look like he was dressed, but little enough to take off without too much trouble. He was a forty-year-old bodybuilder who was doing time for breaking and entering, and the thought that a con with such a

well-developed physique, who could theoretically have his pick of the other inmates, was hot for him was a real ego trip for Lance.

Kincaid was always a man of few words. "We almost got caught by those fucking screws last time, man, when they came around on bed-check early," he whispered. "So let's fuck, man!"

He grunted, taking the naked blonde in his bear-like embrace. As the two men kissed, open-mouthed, tongues pushing against each other, Kincaid pushed down his jeans and clogs. Before he could bend over to step out of the jeans, Lance was already peeling his shirt off him and fondling his hairy chest with its sensational pectoral muscles and big, stiffening nipples.

After a moment, Kincaid groaned at the pressure of Lance's mouth on his sensitive tit. He pulled away and quickly finished stripping. His cock burst free from its confinement, jutting out in full, proud potency, and Lance, gasping, sank to his knees to suck it. He began by rubbing his wet tongue all over the throbbing, expectant cock, while his hands grasped and knead Kincaid's large, hairy, muscular ass to pull the weightlifter against him.

Kincaid's prick wasn't the largest one that Lance had connected with, but it was a satisfying mouthful of flesh. He sucked it inside his mouth and licked it passionately, excited by the effect his cock-sucking skills had on the other man.

"Lie down!" Kincaid moaned.

Lance complied, stretching out his own muscular body on the narrow bunk and spreading his legs to allow Kincaid to crawl between them and suck him in return. The bodybuilder stuffed Lance's prick into his mouth and used his hot mouth and tongue to stimulate the hustler, the way Lance had taught him to do during their half-dozen fuck sessions together.

"Hurry," Lance gasped. "Let's hurry, let's get our fucking rocks off, man... I don't want those damn screws to catch us!"

But then the two naked men on the bunk forgot all about the guards as Kincaid's mouth slipped wetly off Lance's prick and rapidly kissed its way up his torso to claim his lips in another kiss. At first the convict's lips were soft and moist and gentle as they clung to Lance's.

His tongue was just an inert protrusion against Lance's lips. Then, abruptly, lust got the better of him again and his tongue came to life, thrusting and probing as it forced itself into the warmth of Lance's open, panting mouth.

His fucking me with his tongue, Lance thought excitedly. He's ramming it into my mouth just as if it were his prick going up into my asshole and reaming the shit out of me!

When they broke the kiss, Kincaid lay beside Lance, his stiff cock outlined against his hairy thighs. Kincaid sank his hot, wet mouth down on one of Lance's nipples and began to suck on it. The sensation was so intense, so achingly sensual, that Lance felt it throb all the way down through his body -- to his cock and balls, which pulsed. He wished there was some way for Kincaid to suck on both his tits simultaneously, but his trick did the next best thing. While his mouth suctioned on one nipple, his fingers played with the other, rubbing twisting, and pinching.

"Oh, Jesus, that feels fantastic!" Lance panted. "I'm on the verge of coming right now!"

"Oh yeah? Will this do it for you?" Kincaid asked as his hand slid down Lance's chest and belly and seized his prick.

His fingertip caressed the hustler's gaping pin slit and rubbed away the drop of jizz that had welled up in it as his fist stroked Lance's hard-on. Lance threw his head from side to side on the bunk, his hips thrusting wildly.

Now Kincaid's middle finger was tickling his swollen balls in a slow, steady, circular pattern that sent stabs of delight all the way up the core of Lance's cock.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to come! You horny bastard, you're doing it to me.

I'm coming!" Lance cried, clutching madly at Kincaid's own rock-hard, smooth-skinned hard-on.

Lance wanted the man's prick inside his ass so badly it hurt. And yet he didn't want the other guy to stop masturbating him and working on his tits until he'd shot his load. As though reading Lance's mind, Kincaid made the decision for Lance, quickly, positioning himself between his partner's wide-open thighs and quivering ass cheeks and guiding his cock into Lance's smoldering, spasming asshole, all the while keeping up the triple stimulation of mouth on tit, hand on tit, and hand on cock and balls.

The combination drove Lance wild with lust, even after he was plunged inside the other man, fucking him. His cock-shaft rubbed the taut, slippery walls of Lance's asshole as his hands and mouth turned Lance's body into a writhing, sweating sheet of flame. The fire burned and grew hotter until Lance's cock exploded in Kincaid's brawny fist like a roman candle going off on the Fourth of July!

"Oh God, you're shoving into my ass with your big, hard cock and it's making me come I'm losing it, stud, I'm fucking coming!" Lance shouted, keeping his eyes locked on the other man's rugged face as he felt Kincaid's thick cock plunging brutally in and out of his asshole, which spasmed each time it was stroked so savagely by the bodybuilder's meaty prick.

Lance came, his cock spurting its fluid up between their bodies, his incredibly strong orgasm going on and on as Kincaid's rigid prick plowed deeper into his ass and made him bite his lips and dig into the guy's back with his fingers. Kincaid's thrusts into him were ideally deep, strong, and thorough, and Lance didn't know if he could take many more of them without climaxing again, impaled on the stud's potent, tirelessly rutting cock.

He stared up at his fucker's face, and in the dim light Kincaid's eyes glittered, his teeth were bared, and his sweaty, disheveled hair stood out in ragged clumps. The hot young con looked truly satanic as he fucked his cock deep into Lance's guts. Lance fantasized that he was a totally innocent, inexperienced young prisoner being brutally raped by this older inmate. He had never been so excited since his incarceration had begun.



There was something brutal and demanding and punishing in Kincaid's backing that he had never felt before and Lance loved it!

Lance groaned and his fucker echoed him. Kincaid wasn't using his prick as a weapon any longer. Now he was using it to arouse Lance, his fuck-thrusts becoming gentler as he skewered his stiff cock into Lance's ass in a steady, pumping motion. Both men's bodies were so drenched with sweat that they slid against each other with almost no friction at all, with only their lower bodies -- Kincaid's prick and Lance's ass -- joined hotly together in a persistent, maddening fucking rhythm that was churning Lance's guts into liquid fire.

"Oh, man! Oh Christ! I can't take it any longer. I can't!" Lance hissed.

"I'm going to explode! God, you're fucking me so hard, you're making me come again!"

Just at that moment a jolting spasm made Kincaid's stiff prick contract within Lance's guts and Lance groaned with pleasure and relief as he felt Kincaid's hot jism shooting into his burning, squeezing, contracting asshole. Lance bounced up and down on the hard, uncomfortable mattress so that, Kincaid's last few fuck-thrusts jabbed deep into his ass while filling it with foamy come. Lance too was coming, his prick spurting its fluid all over both their bellies and chests as they humped and pounded their bodies against each other in their mutual orgasmic frenzy.

A jangle of keys startled both men. They froze in mid-fuck. The keys sounded awfully close.

"Kincaid, Jesus Christ, pull it out of me. They're coming around early for bed-check again!" Lance hissed into his fucker's ear, writhing out from under him on the bunk.

The other guy's thick, pleasure-giving prick slipped reluctantly out of Lance's asshole and then Kincaid leaped out of the bunk naked and dripping sweat and jism, as Lance pulled the sheet up over his crotch in a useless gesture of modesty, shielding his body from the intruders' gaze as two guards stepped into the cell.

"Caught!" one of the officers exclaimed gloatingly, staring at the two naked men. "Caught in the act! Both of them naked as jaybirds and both of

'em with hard-ons -- covered in their own damn come!" He burst into harsh, mocking laughter as his partner shook his head, sighed, and tried to look and act more professional.

"Kincaid was just showing me some wrestling holds," Lance put in quickly, knowing that the excuse was ludicrous but also aware of the fact that trying to protect Kincaid trying to minimize the bodybuilder's involvement as much as possible would put Lance on even better terms with other inmates for the duration of his stretch.

"Don't make me laugh," the unsympathetic guard snickered. "You're nothing but a troublemaker. You've been getting down on your knees and spreading your ass cheeks for every cock in this cell block ever since they threw your ass in here. Well, it's going to stop. Come on, you two cock-suckers. You're both invited to a come-as-you-are party. Nothing but pants. Get dressed, fast."

Lance and Kincaid were allowed to pull on their jeans, but nothing else.

Barefoot and stripped to the waist, they were escorted to the Watch Commander's office, where a report on their sexual behavior was filed and both prisoners were given write-ups and lectures.

"Since you were caught in the act," the commander said boredly, "you go in the hole, pending action by the Disciplinary Committee." He yawned and waved them away.

Lance was mildly alarmed when he discovered that the guard on duty that night in the solitary confinement unit was Prescott. Prescott looked like a linebacker, except that he was better-looking than most, and he was one of the few guards whom even the toughest inmates feared. The hustler hadn't made his mind up about Prescott yet, but tended to stay out of the man's way. Now, though, extended contact with the guy was going to be unavoidable and all Lance could do was pray that Prescott owed the judge a favor or two.

"Which one of you did the fucking? Oh -- I might have known," Prescott said, catching sight of Lance beside Kincaid. "Sit down! I'll take your asshole buddy to a cell. Stay put and don't give me a hard time and I might let you have a blanket in your cell tonight. It's damn cold in here already and it's not going to get any warmer before morning."

When Prescott returned he looked Lance over coldly for a long moment, then abruptly demanded, "You like sucking cocks, huh?"

Lance glared at him but said nothing.

"Don't waste that tough act of yours on me, punk. Look at yourself --

you're freezing. Do you want to spend the night naked? Or do you want to cooperate with me and earn yourself a nice warm blanket? You were just caught in your bunk with Kincaid's cock up your ass, so don't get snotty with me. I can make your stretch in solitary easy on you, or I can make it rough. So -- you going to be a troublemaker for me?"

"No, sir," Lance muttered.

"Then answer my questions. You like sucking cocks? Or do you prefer to take it up the ass? Or do you like it both ways? I heard that on the outside, you're a whore, that you'll do just about anything."

Lance knew that Prescott wasn't bluffing. If he didn't play the guard's vicious little game, he would have to sleep stark naked and freeze his balls off.

"I'll do just about anything -- for a price," he admitted.

"You like men, don't you? You don't just do it for the money, right?"

Prescott's tone was suddenly solicitous, even kind, "That's what a certain mutual friend of ours told me, anyway. Well, I'm a man, right?"

"I'm not bad looking, am I?"

Lance had to admit that the guard was, in fact, quite handsome, in his ruggedly macho sort of way.

"I'll make sure you get a T-shirt and blanket. You'll be snug as a bug in a rug, stud. We got a deal?"

Lance slowly nodded, silently thanking Jack the judge.

"Come with me, then."

Prescott led him off in a different direction from where he had taken poor Kincaid. He unlocked the steel door of a tiny cell, which contained nothing but a bare mattress filling most of the floor space.

"Take off your pants," Prescott instructed Lance softly.

As he removed his jeans and sat down in the middle of the mattress, Lance wasn't surprised to see the officer start to take off his uniform.

Prescott, dressed, seemed a bit stocky. But naked, he wasn't at all bad to look at. Lance had been to bed with much worse.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, with a leer.

Naked, the other man suddenly stepped closer to him and struck him, hard, across the side of the face -- with enough force to turn Lance's head sharply to one side.

"Hey! What the fuck was that for?" the hustler demanded, feeling of his own blood beginning to trickle down from his lip.

"For being such a hot number, such a prickteaser," Prescott retorted.

"And because I felt like it -- and there's not a damn thing you can do about it. You're here to service me, punk, and you'd better do a damn good job. Don't try to play me for trade. I want the works everything you do for your stinking convict tricks, and then some. Get down on your knees!" he snarled.

When Lance didn't respond to the command quickly enough, the guard pushed hard on his shoulders and sent him to the mattress with a thud.

"All right, slave," he raged, his lips tightly pulled back across his teeth like a vicious, snarling animal's. "Get started! Suck it!" He twisted the blonde's hair by the roots and brought his face down to his crotch. "I told you to suck it!"

Lance tried to keep his mouth closed, but Prescott pulled on his hair so violently it seemed he would rip it out of his scalp. Lance parted his lips with a moan of pain as the other man drove his cock deeply into his mouth.

"Suck it, I said," Prescott rasped. "Don't just hold it in your mouth, you dumb cock-sucker! I know you can do better than that! Suck it!"

He began to pump his hips at the kneeling man's handsome face, driving his prick deep into the back of his throat as the feel of Lance's hot, wet tongue on it, as well as the excitement of the sadistic scene he was creating with his humpy, helpless prisoner, hardened it into full erection. He kept a tight grip on Lance's hair, forcing him to swallow the cock right to its very base with each vicious thrust.

Prescott's mouth was twisted into a strange smile as he looked down contemptuously at the hustler's handsome face. He gloated over the way Lance's mouth was puffed out around his cock-shaft, the balloon-like fullness of both reddening cheeks, the tightly clenched eyes with the hint of tears escaping from underneath the lids.

"That's enough of that!" he said, kicking Lance hard in the chest with his knee to knock him away. "You're a lousy cock-sucker! Now suck my ass!"

See if you can do that any better."

Lance started to protest, but Prescott's hand slammed into his face and only a whimper escaped his lips.

"I told you to suck my ass!" Prescott said as he turned around and bent over, widening the crack between his ass cheeks. "Stick your tongue up there! I

want it sucked good!"

For a moment Lance hesitated, then Prescott began to grin with satisfaction as he felt the warmth of Lance's breath move down to his ass and then the wet tickle of the end of his tongue beginning to lick at the dark pink center of his asshole.

"Stick it in!" he commanded hoarsely. "Get that fucking tongue of yours in there!"

He reached his hands back to spread his ass cheeks farther apart and bent over further. There was another moment of hesitation, then Lance's tongue began to wedge its way inside Prescott's ass. The guard grinned with sadistic pleasure as he felt it moving slowly into him. He grunted and strained his bowels, wanting to fart in Lance's face.

"Deeper!" he gritted, thrusting his ass back. "Rim the shit out of it, slave!"

As the warm, wet, thrilling feel of Lance's tongue moved higher inside his asshole, Prescott took one hand from his ass and brought it quickly to his cock and began to masturbate his rigid prick. With a sudden gasp, he pulled away from Lance and turned quickly around. He seized Lance by the hair again and lifted his head up, just as he began to come.

"Take it, fucker!" he cried, shooting his hot come at Lance's face. "Take it, you bastard, take it!"

His cock jerked inside his milking fist, squirting wad after wad of thick white cream at the other guy's mouth, his cheeks, his tightly clenched eyes. By the time he was finished shooting, a dozen tiny rivers of jizz were dripping sluggishly down Lance's face.

But his lust seemed insatiable, only whipped into an even greater urgency by this first orgasm. "Lie down on your belly and spread your legs -- and your buns, kid," he grunted, stroking his slimy, dripping prick back into full rigidity. "You're going to get fucked so hard that you'll never let that big-cocked jerk, Kincaid, near your hot little ass again."

Lance, come dripping down his face, did as he was told, determined to get it over with as soon as possible. He spat on his hand and rubbed the saliva between his ass cheeks, just in case the jism on Prescott's prick wasn't sufficient lubrication to permit a painless penetration.

Prescott roughly grabbed Lance and forced him to turn onto his stomach under him, forcing his legs down on the mattress with his knees. Lance felt the guard's big hands on his ass, spreading the cheeks apart. Then Lance, despite himself, choked down a scream and bit into the coarse, dirty material covering the bare mattress under him as Prescott pushed forward and the enormous head of his cock ripped it way deep into his asshole.

The pain was blinding in its raw intensity. Prescott shoved harder and more of his prick dug into Lance's entrails, forcing his asshole open.

Lance moaned and struggled, but the more he betrayed his discomfort, the harder Prescott rammed him. Lance felt the bastard's horse cock moving deep into his ass, until it seemed he would break right through into his belly. Prescott's body slammed down on him, his hairy chest covering Lance's back, his prick jammed all the way up Lance's asshole.

"You like it like this, don't you?" Prescott growled. "Huh? You like it in you? You like my cock in your ass, fucking you like this? Reaming out your hot, whorey asshole for you?"

Lance couldn't even answer. He just lay under him, moaning, feeling that prick moving in and out of his asshole, each stroke like a pole being shoved into his guts. Just as Lance was beginning to be swept up in the tide of their lust, beginning to enjoy the size and potency of Prescott's cock in his ass, the guard came in him. Lance could feel his cock firing inside him, flooding his asshole with the warm wet jizz like a defiling baptism in some weird satanic sex ritual.

After pulling his prick out of Lance's asshole, Prescott quickly got to his feet and, breathing hard, began to get dressed as though nothing had happened. But his eyes focused on Lance's naked, shuddering body, still sprawled belly-down on the mattress, with hot, undisguised lust.

"The Disciplinary Committee won't meet until Monday morning," he informed Lance, reverting to his former manner of solicitude. "That means you'll be spending the next three days and nights in here. You're a good fuck and so I'll be back tomorrow night -- and the night after. Here's the blanket I promised you. Sleep tight."

Prescott left, locking the cell door after him. Lance barely had time to rouse himself from his fucked stupor, unfold the blanket, and pull it over himself, before Prescott flicked off the light, switch from outside, plunging the isolation cell into pitch blackness.

Three days and three nights in this hole! Lance didn't know if he'd be able to take it without cracking up. He was already almost looking forward to Prescott's next visit, to the sadistic guard's next use of his body, if only because it would relieve the monotony of solitary confinement. Lance also worried about Mike. They'd promised to try to look after each other, and Lance had done a pretty good job of protecting the less experienced, rather naive hustler so far. Without Lance to advise him, Mike could very easily get his butch ass into some sort of big trouble.

But right now Lance didn't waste much time worrying about his buddy's possible predicament. He had enough trouble of his own as he pulled the warm blanket he'd earned with his body completely over himself, curled up under it, and went to sleep, with Kincaid's and Prescott's mingled come oozing sluggishly out of his ass.



## CHAPTER TEN

As Mike had feared, word quickly spread through Cell Block H that one of the most attractive new inmates was now up for grabs -- at least for as long as his buddy, Lance, was locked up in the hole.

Even though Lance thought he was just another dumb street hustler, Mike was cynical enough to know that he was going to be raped sooner or later while in the Holding Center. The only question was how soon, and by how many of the other men! In the meantime, it was business as usual. Mike continued to turn tricks, although now he was doing it in order to evaluate some of the more aggressive cons, to determine if any of them might be a suitable protector for him until Lance got put of solitary.

The Saturday night after Lance's confinement, the most recent of these auditions wasn't going particularly well for Mike, who had agreed to ball one of the older guys in exchange for a pack of cigarettes. Before his arrest, Mike wouldn't have tricked with this number for less than fifty bucks and only then if he was desperate. The convict, on the other hand, was positively salivating at the prospect of helping himself to a hot young number like Mike.

"Oh yeah," he said salaciously, grinning at Mike as he slid the cell door shut behind him to give them the illusion of privacy. "You're good-looking, all right. A real prime stud!"

His hot nervous eyes moved slowly over the hustler's muscular body, admiring his crotch, the proud jut of his chest, and the set of his jaw.

Mike returned his gaze with a cold smile of professional indifference. He reached out to fondle Mike's crotch, and the young stud let him. He'd made a deal and had to go through with it. He had to satisfy this creep... so Mike allowed him to touch him as countless other men had done before him.

Putting out for a new john was always traumatic for Mike, especially here in the slammer. At least outside, on the street, he could walk away if he

didn't like a guy's looks or manner. But now Mike stood silent, passive, as the man's trembling fingers moved up from his groin to his belt buckle.

"No underpants, huh?" the man asked hoarsely, his hot, moist hands sliding inside the unzipped jeans to grasp and measure Mike's cock.

"Prick-teaser! Running around in here, in front of all these horny men, bare-assed and bare-cocked under those tight pants. Let me see your fucking cock, kid. Let me see if it's as big as it feels!"

Staring into Mike's cold eyes, his gaze fixed so firmly that Mike had to glance down involuntarily in confusion and shame, the other prisoner spoke with the air of a business man who'd paid for the merchandise and now intended to make sure it was worth his money.

Glad to break away from him even for a moment, Mike began to shed his jeans. The guy's hands were on his body again as he stepped out of them.

He ran his palms down over the boy's firm, manly thighs, caressing his ass under his shirt tail. Mike's chest, rose and fell as he drew deep, anxious breaths.

"Come on, come on. Let's get a move on," his john commanded, angry with him for taking so long to show him the wares. "We ain't got all fucking night, you know, and already paid for you. Time's a-wastin', baby. Strip down the rest of the ways and let's fuck!"

He grunted with satisfaction as Mike dropped his shirt to the floor and pulled off his socks. Mike noticed that the guy had a hard-on already, which was good. Mike wouldn't have to work on him to get or keep it up, and the guy couldn't turn mean and blame Mike for his impotence, the way some johns did.

"I want you to suck my cock," the older man gasped.

Mike opened the man's fly for him quickly. He sat on the edge of Mike's bunk, drawing Mike to him, pushing him down on his knees on the bare floor as Mike obediently knelt between his legs and grasped his hard, hot

cock in his hand, struggling to conceal his revulsion. The guy wasn't hung particularly large and Mike knew that he wasn't going to get much out of this trick. Damn!

"That's right -- go down on me, kid!" he whispered, guilty excitement in his voice as he pulled Mike's head close to his crotch.

His hard-on pulsed visibly as Mike moved his fist up and down along the shaft in an awkward masturbating gesture that seemed to turn the guy on like crazy. He moaned and, twisting Mike's dark hair around his fingers, shoved the hustler's face against his prick roughly.

"Christ! Go on, take it, come on, suck me!" he gasped.

His legs closed tightly about Mike, holding him in place between them.

His hands tugged painfully at Mike's hair as his hard cock forced its way through Mike's lips. Mike watched them in a cry of disgust, and the man rammed into the young stud's mouth and partway down his throat.

He groaned with bestial in satisfaction as Mike swallowed the thick head of his prick and went to work on it with his throat muscles, tickling the shaft with his agile tongue.

"Fuck! Fuck, yeah! That's the way to do it, you little hustler, that's how to really suck cock! You love it! Whore! You just love to suck on a big cock -- so suck on it, boy! Oh yeah! Do it nice and slow and slick, move those sweet cock-sucking lips of yours all the way up and down on my cock. Eat it all -- suck it -- suck that cock!"

Mike half-heard his disgusting comments and commands, and tried to do it the way the man wanted. But as he pushed Mike's head forward and back to make his puckered lips caress the entire length of his cock-shaft, the muscles in his throat began to ache and his eyes, filled with tears of discomfort and humiliation.

"Take it all, punk," the man insisted. "Take all of my prick down your throat and really suck on it!"

But Mike began to gag and choke on the full hardness of him as he rammed his cock into him ruthlessly. The john was annoyed with his incompetence for a moment and Mike was afraid. If the guy left his cell in disgust and told the other that Mike was a lousy fuck, he'd never hear the end of it!

"Okay," the man said, sighing in disgust. "I guess my cock's just too big for you to suck on, huh? Well, you'd better learn how to deep throat the big ones, kid, if you want to make it as a hustler. But practice on somebody else. In the mean time I bet you're a better fuck than you are a blow. I want to find out if that tight butch ass of yours can give me a nice hot fuck!"

He pulled Mike to his feet and, still seated on the bunk, began to suck on the stud's dark brown nipples with his wet slurping lips, nibbling and biting on one tit as he pinched the other between his fingers. His tongue slid over Mike's hairy pecs and he began to moan with arousal as his hand strayed to Mike's ass and caressed his firm buns. He plunged an exploring hand eagerly between Mike's ass cheeks and fingered the hairy ass crevice.

Mike gasped and squirmed as the guy roughly inserted a finger inside his asshole, pushing it through his moist pink sphincter muscle and chafing the flesh with his knuckle as he worked his buried digit around inside his asshole, playing with Mike's cock and balls with his free hand at the same time.

"Get on the bed," he gasped, breathing hard. "I'm going to fuck you, boy.

I'm going to drill your ass until you can't take it any more!"

He was already swinging Mike into place on the unmade bunk, its wrinkled sheets stiffened in places with the dried come of Mike's previous trick.

Mike lay back against the gritty sheets and spread his thighs, lifting them to make it easier for the man as he maneuvered his heavy, clumsy body between Mike's thighs and pointed the head of his over-excited cock at Mike's juicy young black-furred asshole.

"Now, you better get ready for it, kid, because I'm really gonna let your asshole have it!"

Mike didn't bother to even pay further attention to his mutterings because he'd heard the drivel too often; instead, he concentrated on doing what he could to get the fuck over with fast. He relaxed and tried to control, his ass muscles, knowing that if they tensed up the penetration would be worse. Still, this jerk drove his cock into Mike's asshole with such a total lack of finesse that it hurt as the blunt head scraped past his sphincter ring and compressed the tender folds of flesh.

He buried his cock in Mike's ass with a single brutal thrust that took the stud's breath away and brought angry tears to his eyes.

His obvious pain and the half-frightened, half-furious look he couldn't help but show only seemed to excite the man more as he lay on top of Mike and began to shove his implanted prick in and out of him with monotonous, machine-like strokes. Mike wondered why guys like this jerk bothered to trick with other cons in the first place. Why didn't they use their fist or a hole in the wall to bring themselves off? It would be a hell of a lot cheaper, and that was all this guy seemed to see in Mike's body -- a hole to come inside!

His john began to get excited as the friction of Mike's tight ass got to him. He pumped faster, punctuating his coarse movements with a resumption of his boring monologue.

"Oh, you hot-assed little bastard! I could fuck you all night, ram my horny cock into that juicy ass of yours. I'm going to fuck you like you've never been screwed in your life!"

Mike, twisting from side to side beneath him as his prick plowed in and out of his asshole, amused himself by silently replying to his idiotic boasts. You midget-cocked motherfucker, you're lucky you can get it up at all, let alone fuck me all night! Get it over with, asshole so I can find myself a real man to fuck with. Hell, even a hand-job would be more of a thrill than this!

Thinking the insulting things he didn't dare say aloud put Mike in a better mood and he found himself responding to even this feeble excuse for a fuck with considerable energy and enthusiasm. He wrapped his strong legs around his customer's flabby waist and ground his hips to create more

friction against the walls of his plugged ass as the man's cock-shaft was driven in and out of his guts. Mike grunted with satisfaction as he sensed that the guy was nearing his climax.

Then his lips suddenly slammed down against Mike with bruising force, and Mike had to let him stick his tongue deep into his mouth. Kissing the john back with reluctance, Mike lay still except for his ass cheeks, which he tightened and twisted and ground provocatively. His john's prick twitched deep inside his ass and spurt after hot spurt of wet, sticky feeling jizz filled, the bottleneck of Mike's cock and lubricated it.

The man collapsed on top of Mike, mauling Mike's pecs, panting and moaning, resting his full heavy weight on Mike. But Mike slipped out from under his bulk, got off the bed quickly, and grabbed his shower gear, muttering "Catch you later, man," to the man who'd just fucked him. But under his breath, Mike swore that he'd never let the creep touch him again -- not even if he offered Mike a fucking carton of cigarettes!

When he came back to his cell after his shower, Mike was relieved to find the guy gone. He straightened out the bunk as best he could and stretched out on it naked, relaxing.

He wasn't given long to rest, though. Twenty minutes later, Mike was startled, but hardly surprised, to see a half-dozen horny prisoners, led by Kincaid, suddenly gather in the corridor outside his cell door -- all staring at him in a way that made it painfully clear that this little visit had been arranged in advance and that Mike was about to be the guest of honor at a gang-bang!

The pack of wolves was led by Kincaid, who'd been let out of solitary early thanks to Lance's taking the full blame for their fuck upon himself. Now Kincaid seemed to have every intention of paying Lance back by raping Mike in his absence. Mike decided to bluff it out.

"What's happening, man?" he said casually to Kincaid.

"I'll tell you what's happening, Mike," Kincaid retorted, easing his big body inside the cell as Mike sat up on the bunk. "What with your buddy Lance in

the hole, I haven't been getting any cock or ass lately, and I'm horny as hell tonight. So are all these other gays. We were talking it over and we decided that when you've got a problem, you go to a pro for help. Well, we're all going to fuck you, kid. You ain't going to give us any trouble, are you?"

"No," Mike said evenly, amazed that his voice wasn't shaking. "I'm not going to give you any trouble -- as long as you don't hurt me."

"Nobody's going to hurt you if you play along," Kincaid said soothingly.

"We're just going to have ourselves a nice hot little fuck-and-suck party in your cell tonight. Now, why don't you move over and make room for me on that bunk so you can start sucking my cock!"

Mike sucked him right in front of the other guys, none of whom complained about having to wait his own turn in the hustler's busy bunk. What they saw was almost as exciting as having sex themselves.

Kincaid had evidently staked out first claim to Mike's body. The bodybuilder stripped naked and joined Mike on the bunk, roughly grasping him by the back of the neck and pushing his head down into his lap.

Mike's tongue wet the other man's cock-head, then licked around the thick, throbbing prick-shaft before he opened his mouth wide and plunged nervously down on the meaty cock.

Kincaid's powerful hands on his head pumped Mike's mouth up and down on the cock-shaft, fucking Mike's face with brutal efficiency.

"God damn! You're almost as good at it as that asshole buddy of yours!"

Kincaid exclaimed admiringly.

All of the other cons took it for granted that Lance and Mike were lovers on the outside, although in fact they had never had sex with each other.

But Mike, his mouth full of Kincaid's solid meat, was in no position to correct the big man's misconception. He sucked desperately, hoping that, a show of cooperation would keep this gang-bang on a civilized level.

His mouth was still burning with the strong salty taste of Kincaid's come when the bodybuilder, laughing, pushed Mike away from his and got off the bunk, waving the next two guys in line into the cell and encouraging them to use Mike's body simultaneously. Then things really got raw!

Mike was satisfying both a huge black man and a blond farmboy type doing time for breaking and entering. Both young men were attractive in a crude sort of way and neither of them showed the slightest hesitation about what he was doing. Mike's hatred of johns evaporated for the time being as these two males carried him to the heights of unfeigned erotic bliss again and again. The hustler wasn't putting on an act this time. He was genuinely enjoying the lusty three-way.

Mike tossed his black hair from side to side on the bunk as he arched his back in involuntary reaction to a deep, penetrating thrust inside his ass from the blond burglar's prick. The hustler groaned with satisfaction as the boy stabbed that blunt instrument into Mike's body again and again, seemingly going deeper each time. Mike threw off his usual restraint during fucking and let out shouts of ecstasy that made the beefy youth who was fucking him feel even more virile than he was. Mike praised his expert fucking of his tight young ass, clinging to the blond with both arms and both legs and pulling his husky body tight against his.

Mike was determined to have an orgasm himself this time and he used every trick in the male prostitute's book to coax his partner toward his explosion, knowing that it would help to trigger his own release.

Although the other con tried to hold out, Mike employed his warm smooth anal vacuum to drain him of his pent-up excitement.

"Come in me, man! Oh God yes, come in me!" Mike pleaded. Hysterically, his fingers raking the farmboy's broad tanned back as, grunting, he rubbed his bare chest against Mike's heaving pecs and bent his knees to gain still more leverage against the creaking mattress. "Oh, shit! Oh, fuck me! Yeah! Ram that big hard-on up into me, fucker! Do it! Do it hard! Fuck me good! Make me come all over the place, I'm going to, I'm about to, I can feel it coming in my cock, oh Christ yeah, fuck me some more, God damn it I'm there, man -- I'm coming! Coming! Oh Christ --



ahhhhh!"

Mike's muscular, lithe legs were draped over the blond's broad shoulders and the boy had Mike's ass cheeks clutched in his big hands, pulling Mike's body tight against his groin as his huge cock rammed into him. He fucked Mike brutally, the continual, almost intolerable pressure in Mike's ass and the violence with which the other man's cock-shaft slid roughly back and forth in his guts were getting Mike hotter by the second and he knew his own cock was going to explode soon. The hustler was as turned on by their rather bestial fucking as was his fuck-partner and the onlookers. Mike did everything he could to turn the guy on top of him on as he grunted at the approach of his own climax. Mike's pelvis swiveled, his asshole tightening up and relaxing in time to his fucker's thrusts and withdrawals.

"Shit! I'm gonna come in the bastard's hot ass!" the blond boy yelled as he reared up, then plunged himself back into Mike's ass and burst.

He fucked Mike with his monstrous cock even more savagely than before as his come spurted. Mike, holding to him for dear life, thought he'd pass out or die from the sheer intensity of it as his ass tensed and flexed and accepted the flood of creamy jism. But his fuck-partner had been too excited to last long and soon he was drained and spent.

Blushing more from arousal than any sense of shame -- Mike hid his hot face in the guy's sweaty chest as the farm boy pawed Mike's writhing body, mauling his ass with his hands. He shot the last wet wads of his load into Mike's asshole, filling it to overflowing, so that, his cock slipped out of it with a loud and embarrassing squishy noise when he pulled away from the exhausted young stud he'd just fucked so thoroughly.

Now it was the black man's turn. Since his arrival in the Holding Center, Mike had fucked more black men than he had in a year of hustling on the outside. He'd discovered that fucking a hot young white dude really turned them on and inspired them to unusual feats of potency and staying power. This black buck was no exception. He was young and attractive, and built -- hung like a bull.

Getting fucked by the blond guy had worked Mike up to fever pitch and he had to taste the black man's ebony cock. White guys crowded into the cell and gaped at his performance lustfully, torn between shock that a white guy would lower himself to suck a black man's cock and excitement because he was doing so in front of them, they watched intently as Mike wetted the big prick thoroughly with his saliva. Mike purred with lewd contentment as he felt the dark cock-meat throbbing warmly against his own flesh.

He gasped when the guy grabbed for his buns with his huge dark hands, caressing them, beginning to knead and crush the pale mounds with his eager black fingertips. Mike's asshole, already dripping wet with the melted load the blond boy had deposited on it, got wetter and hotter as his second trick worked on his body with his hands and mouth. The man's left hand slid down Mike's naked body and plunged boldly between the thighs Mike parted in abandoned welcome, and then his fingers were prying apart Mike's buns and stroking his asshole. Mike loved this foreplay and wished it could go on for hours -- but he was just too fucking hot!

"Oh, Jesus! Fuck me quick, big man!" he pleaded, letting his head sag onto the smooth mahogany-colored shoulder of the other naked man, his black hair disheveled against his fuck-partner's coffee-toned back. "Fuck me! Holy shit-fuck me, I'm ready, I want you to, I want you to fuck me hard, right now!"

"Fuck him!" one of the waiting men echoed frantically. "Fuck the guy silly, man! Get that in asshole of his burning hot for cock!"

"Got a big cock for you to suck on first, baby," the black dude grunted, thrusting his prick into Mike's face. "Better get the mother good an' wet before it goes into your tight little asshole, man!"

"Yeah, fuck his face with it!" somebody encouraged.

Mike's mouth was wide open and straining to accept more of the thick black cock that was being steadily fed between his lips. The man grasped a handful of Mike's dark hair and twisted his head back to get Mike's throat at the proper angle for complete, unobstructed penetration. Mike took the blunt end of his ebony cock rod into his open throat and applied fierce,

confident suction to it. He was deep-throating it already, to the amazed excitement of his audience, doing it well even though the black guy's titanic prick was quite a challenge even for a professional cock-sucker like Mike.

At every moment Mike ran the risk of choking to death on that hard cock-meat as the man drove it easily, monotonously, in and out of Mike's plugged throat. It was difficult to breathe around it but Mike managed somehow, and each plunge of the black prick down his throat awakened a thrill of sexual hunger deep in his mushy asshole!

Mike put his hands down to his crotch and began to play with his own cock with one fist, slipping two fingers of his other hand back between his ass cheeks and up his ass. He began to finger-fuck himself shamelessly as he worked on the big black cock in his mouth. He was groaning with mindless passion as his expert masturbation and anal manipulation sent ripples of hot arousal through his entire body. Mike sucked ever more greedily on the dusky prick flesh that was being jammed into his mouth and throat.

The white men were masturbating, too, as they watched the stud debase himself with such lusty eagerness. After a few more wild minutes of intense deep-throating, the huge black stud let out a stifled cry and pulled his cock out of Mike's mouth.

"Jesus! I'm about to pop! Quick, man, get your mouth off it and your hot ass on it! Let me stick it in you, baby! Let's fuck now!"

He seized Mike and turned the husky youth over easily so that he was on the bunk on his hands and elbows, his pale ass thrust up as the black man knelt behind him and prepared to ram it into Mike dog-style.

His arm was already encircling Mike's waist so that he could replace the guy's masturbating fingers with his own other hand, the black stallion gripped Mike's hip to steady his body on the bunk. Mike had to catch his lower lip between his teeth and bit down hard to keep himself from screaming as the big cock-head skated painfully over his sphincter opening.

The guy was using his muscular weight to push his prick between those hard round cheeks of Mike's ass. The stud's asshole gave way suddenly and

he did scream this time as the cock rammed deep into him. Another grunting sweating lunge and the man was in him all the way, bloating him, his asshole shrinking away in horror, to allow all of that solid black prick to slide into it and fill it. The man gripped Mike's white ass cheeks to pull Mike's body back against as the last few inches of his cock-meat vanished inside the hustler's bruised asshole.

Then he began to fuck Mike, to use his body with the indifference that, paradoxically, only excited Mike more. His ass clasped the cock in a death grip of erotic despair and he drilled himself into it. Mike howled with obscene pleasure now! Far from begging to be spared, he was begging his hung black fuck-partner to fuck him harder.

"Do it! Do it! In me! Harder? Deeper! Fuck me! Oh, Goddamn yes -- harder!

Fuck my ass harder and deeper, you big-cocked bastard!"

"Shit! Oh, holy mother-fuckin' Goddamn!" the black con grunted. "This is the best piece of man-ass I ever had, black or white! Christ -- that nice white skin and that hot tight ass! Better 'n any nigger boy's ass."

"Best I ever had, too, you stinking coal-black stud nigger," Mike taunted his fucker in a hoarse whisper as his body convulsed repeatedly, the cock sliding back and forth, trapped within the tight tunnel of his ass.

"Don't care if you are black, man, you sure can fuck! You know how to treat a guy right in bed. So fuck me. Fuck me! Fuck my white ass for me, man!"

The ass-raped young stud groaned again and again as he got his wish, as that horse cock pierced his asshole and forced the moist, delicate lining of his colon to stretch around its bulk. The guy ass-fucked Mike with that unbelievable prick of his and Mike thought he'd die as pleasure and pain gripped and shook his violated body. But his prick was too worked up to last long and soon his jism erupted from his balls and raced through the core of his jerking prick to gush out into depths of Mike's ass.

There was so much of it that the surplus flow of cum squirted out of Mike's ass in a series of shocking fart-like reports that were the most humiliating part of the obscene episode. Mike, his loins seething as his own climax shook him and the cream flew from his fisted prick in a white rain of thick droplets, buried his reddened face in the pillow and tried.

Not to hear the loud comments of the other men as they watched the black guy come in his ass.

"Fucked up the ass and coming all over the place with that buck's prick stuck up his ass! Look at it! Just look at that shit shoot out of his cock!"

"Guess he ain't got no shame left in him at all."

"He's just like his asshole buddy, that blond guy, Lance -- only hotter for cock."

"Especially black cock!"

"What a whore!"

"Hurry up there, man. Pull that big prick of yours outta his ass. We want our chance to get at that hot mouth and ass and cock!"

Moments later, another white guy was lying on top of Mike, plowing away inside his already well-used ass while a second inmate with a large and potent prick stood beside the bunk and thrust his hard-on over the other guy's shoulder so that Mike could seize it in his hand and guide it to his lips. Grasping the cock in his fist, Mike began to squeeze the thick veined shaft, pumping his ass up and down against and swearing fucker at the same time.

"Go on, suck him," one of the other men grunted, eyeing the massive cock that rubbed against Mike's panting lips. "He's about ready to pop, anyway. I want to see you suck it!"

Mike, still rotating his ass around the first mans riving cock, calmly brushed the hair back from his sweaty forehead. Leaning forward with a shrug of

professional indifference, he did what both men wanted. His mouth opened to accept the thick slimy head of the sixth or seventh cock he'd sucked that evening, closing firmly around the prick-shaft just in time to catch the sudden flow of spurting white warmth and saltiness.

As the guy burst inside his mouth, the man who was fucking Mike watched the explosion from his near vantage point. "What a load! What a hot load!

Take it all -- swallow it all, kid," he urged excitedly, as he felt his own prick getting ready to erupt inside Mike's hot ass. "Take all that hot jism, baby, and suck it right on down."

He groaned and went rigid for an instant, and then collapsed on top of the male whore's hard-muscled body, only his hips and ass working frantically as they helped to pump his own jism into Mike. Despairingly Mike wondered how many more horny men he would have to service before he could finally get any sleep that night.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

When Mike woke from a deep, dreamless sleep, he vaguely realized that he was in a strange bedroom and, still groggy, reached out instinctively to gather his bedmate back into his arms. But the other half of the bed was empty. Lance was up already, busying himself in his kitchen. Mike could now smell hot coffee brewing and he lay back with a lazy, contented sigh.

It had only seemed natural, on the day both hustlers were discharged from the Holding Center, for Lance to invite Mike to have a decent meal with him at a restaurant, and then spend the night at his apartment.

It wasn't too many minutes before Lance, his blond hair still tousled from sex and sleep, his body carelessly covered by a bathrobe that gaped open all the way down the front, appeared in the bedroom doorway and smiled at the other young man occupying his bed.

"Morning," he said softly.

Mike stretched and yawned. "Morning."

"Coffee's ready. And you said you'd sleep on it. You come to any decision yet?"

"Sleep on what?"

"On moving in here with me."

They'd discussed it the night before. Lance had argued that he had plenty of room, and that it would be cheaper for them to split the rent. What he had in mind was a completely open relationship -- they'd be roommates, buddies, and fuck-partners, when and if the urge struck. The rest of the time each guy would be free to turn tricks or lead his own sex life as he saw fit. It was a tempting offer and the hours of torrid fucking with Lance the night before had weakened Mike's resistance considerably.

He flipped back the sheet to expose his crotch and a respectable morning hard-on. "I slept on it," he laughed. "But I may still need a little persuasion, man. Why don't you get back into bed?"

Lance shrugged the robe from his shoulders and slipped into the bed nude next to Mike's body. Their faces were only a few inches apart on the pillows, Mike's eyes burning into Lance's.

"Kiss me," Mike whispered. "Please, Lance -- kiss me!"

Lance brought Mike's face slowly to his and their lips touched. So softly they scarcely seemed to make contact at first. Then Mike's mouth opened slowly, voluptuously, as though he were savoring every stage of this foreplay. His powerful arms gripped tightly around Lance's torso and suddenly they were kissing furiously, their open mouths locked deeply together, their naked bodies squirming against each other. Mike pulled Lance toward him, rolling onto his back so that the blond stud lay on top of him, their crotches grinding hard against each other as their tongues met and fought.

Lance moved his hand down the other guy's hairy body, from his chest to his hip, then to his thighs and between them. He felt Mike's cock growing even stiffer as they embraced and kissed, swelling just as Lance's prick was swelling in response to their love-making.

Lance caressed the shaft, of Mike's thick cock and the other stud moaned deep in his throat as Lance touched him, making a warm, snug fist around his prick.

Lance lifted his body slightly as Mike's hand groped him in response.

Mike seized Lance's cock, which pulsed instantly in his strong grip. For several moments they lay like that, still kissing hard, their hands bringing each other's prick to full hard-on.

Lance then pulled back from Mike and began to slip down his body to take Mike's cock in his mouth. He sucked it deeply, filling his throat with its solid thickness. He forced himself down and down on it, until his face was



pressed flush into Mike's taut belly and the thatch of silky black crotch hairs above his prick.

Lance held the cock-meat in his mouth like that for as long as he could resist the urge to suck it, not even using his tongue on it yet. He could feel the agitated, hot blood pumping through the cock-shaft's veins as they throbbed against his lips. He was intoxicated by the strong male scent of Mike.

Mike's hips began to move in under Lance, telling him that Mike wanted him to suck him. Lance held Mike's thighs for support and slowly, teasingly pulled his mouth back until just the head of the cock was between his lips.

Then he drove his face all the way down on the cock-shaft again. Mike groaned with pleasure and his body began to thrust up at Lance more urgently. The blond's lips held him tightly as they slipped back and forth along his prick-shaft, taking it right to the root.

Mike was hung, his big cock as thick as a clenched fist. It was an effort to fit all of. His prick into Lance's mouth without making the boy choke on it. But Lance wanted to savor every inch of Mike's cock, to engulf completely the solid mass of the other man's cock-flesh.

For several minutes his head bobbed up and down between Mike's legs while Mike took the intense pleasure his new roommate's hot mouth was giving him. His hands squeezed Lance's shoulders and ran through his blond hair, pressing his head down and holding it on his cock as Mike reared his hips up and struck into the very depths of the cock-sucking hustler's throat.

Then, pulling Lance. Gently off his prick, Mike gasped huskily. "Wait!

Let me suck you, too!"

Lance lay flat on his back and spread his legs as Mike twisted his big body quickly around in the opposite direction and climbed on top of him.

Mike wriggled his knees down until his cock hovered just above Lance's face and his own head was above Lance's crotch. He gripped his buddy's cock and masturbated it energetically for a few moments until it swelled.

Then he took it into his mouth and drove himself all the way down on it as recklessly, as eagerly, as Lance had taken him.

Lance gasped as the slick, warm feeling of the other guy's tongue began to work on him. Mike's head bobbed furiously, his lips smacking with loud, wet sounds as he manipulated Lance's cock in and out of his ravenous mouth.

Lance lay motionless, his body tense, enjoying the incredible sensations rippling over his horny prick. His cock swelled harder each time Mike's mouth came down on him. Lance opened his mouth and reached up for Mike's cock, arching his neck until he got the head of it between his lips again. Then holding it firmly, Lance put both hands around his partners waist and pressed down on his hairy ass cheeks, pushing the full, solid length of Mike's cock into his mouth.

They sucked each other like that for several minutes, their muscular bodies humping and heaving in a tight sixty-nine. Their hips pumped in a see-saw pattern, their mouths slurping obscenely around each other's cock-shaft. In many ways, Lance thought, blowing another guy in the sixty-nine position like this was like making love to himself --

everything that his mouth did to Mike's cock seemed to be simultaneously repeated on his own prick. Each man struggled to match the pleasure of the other's tongue and doubled his own pleasure at the same time.

But it was only a passing thought. For, despite his typical hustler's narcissism, it wasn't himself Lance wanted to have sex with, but Mike. At last he'd found a guy his own age, with his own interests and similar experiences.

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But it was only a passing thought. For, despite his typical hustler's narcissism, it wasn't himself Lance wanted to have sex with, but Mike. At last he'd found a guy his own age, with his own interests and similar experiences. Mike was a guy he could relate to, even if their friendship never did develop into a real love affair -- as Lance already hoped it would.

They sucked each other passionately, knowing that they'd found something special in each other, something worth holding on to.

THE END